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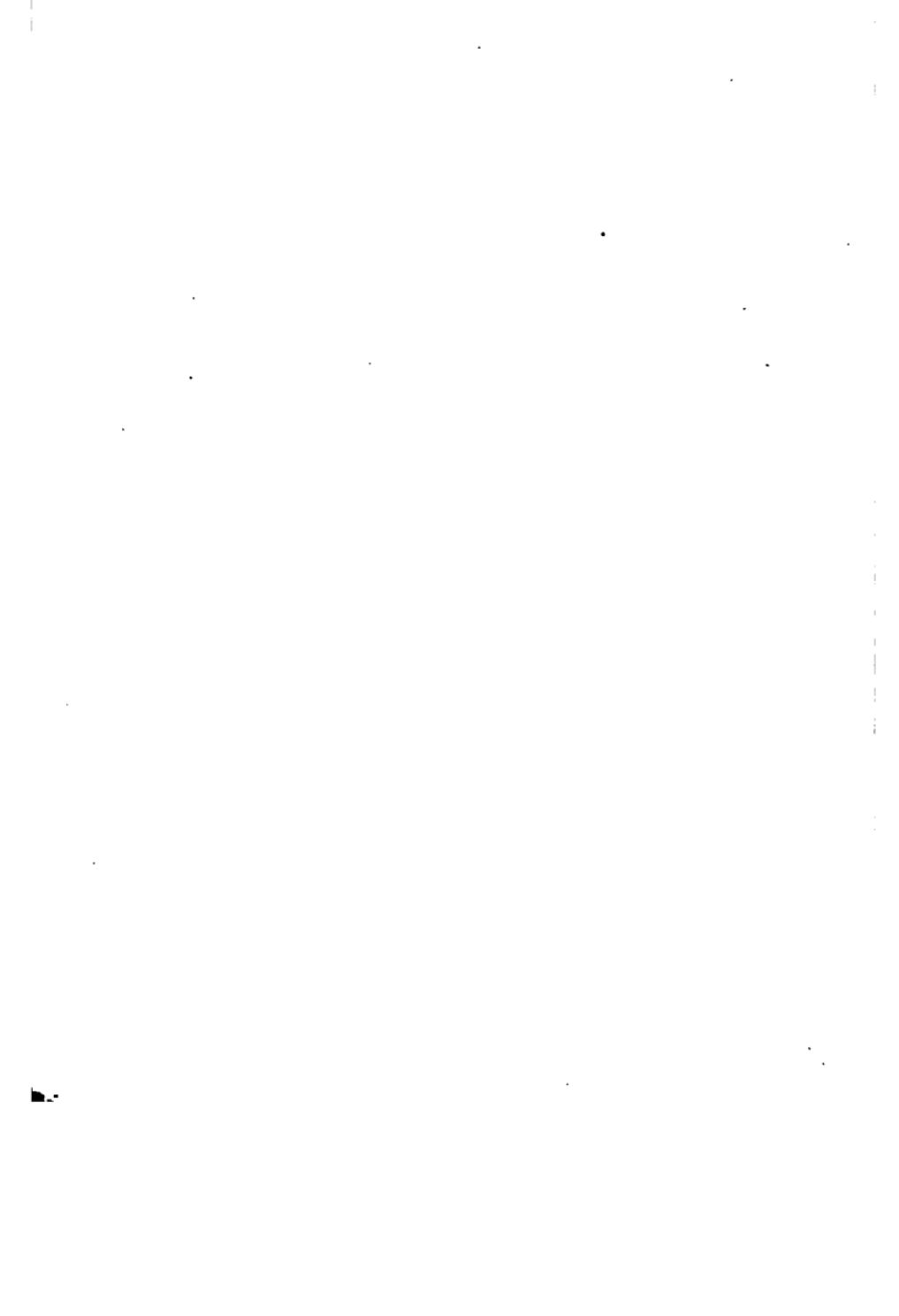


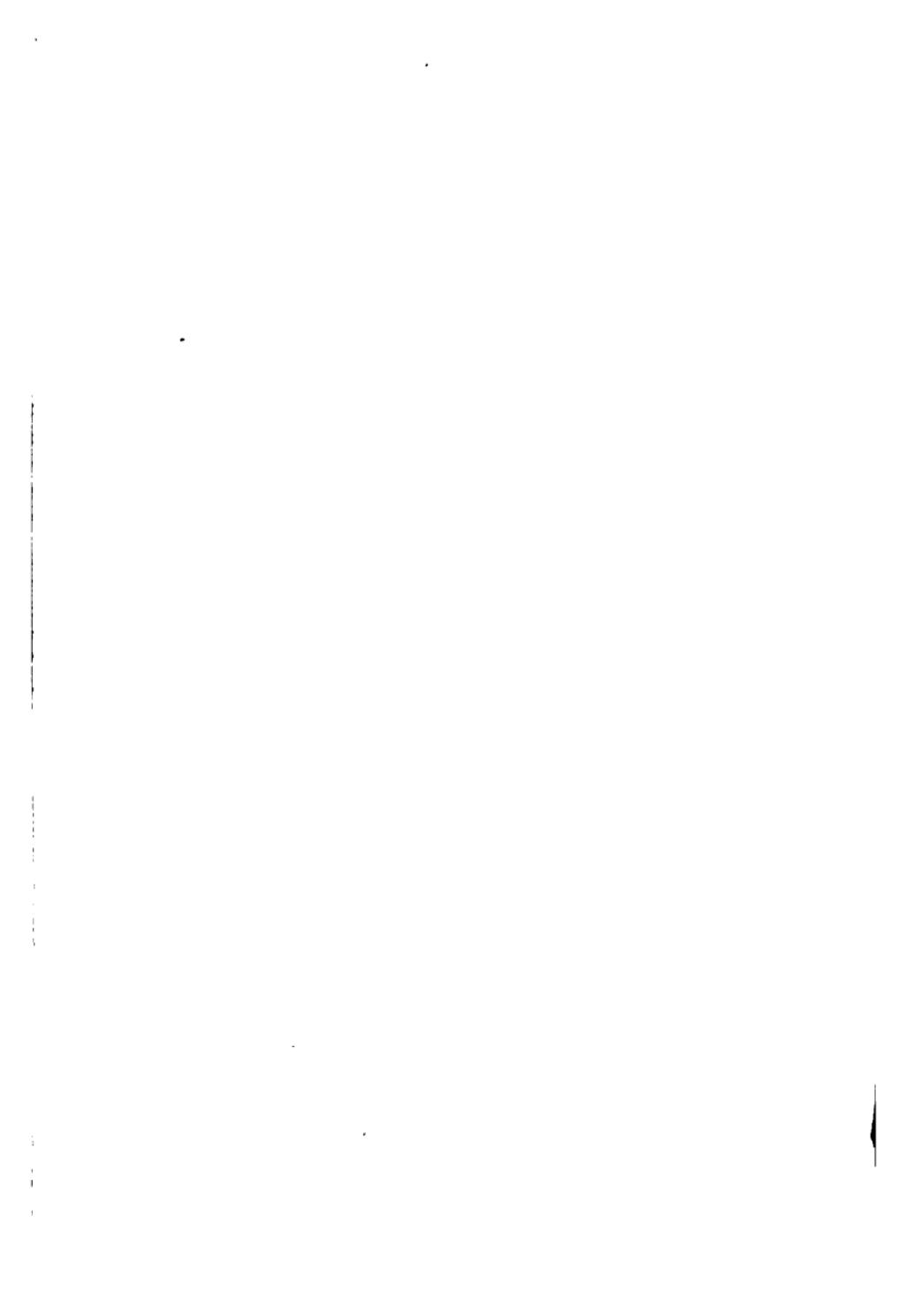
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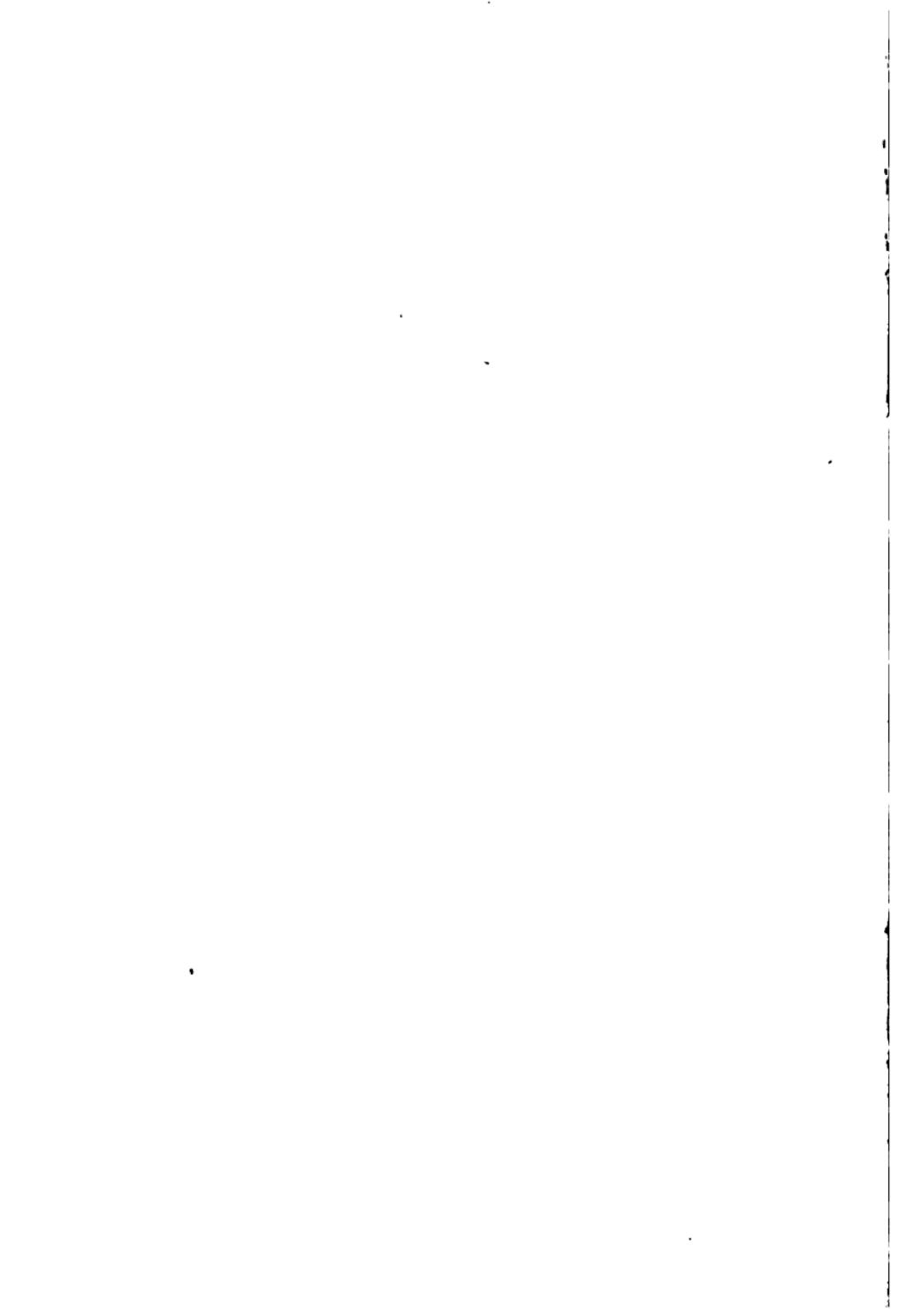


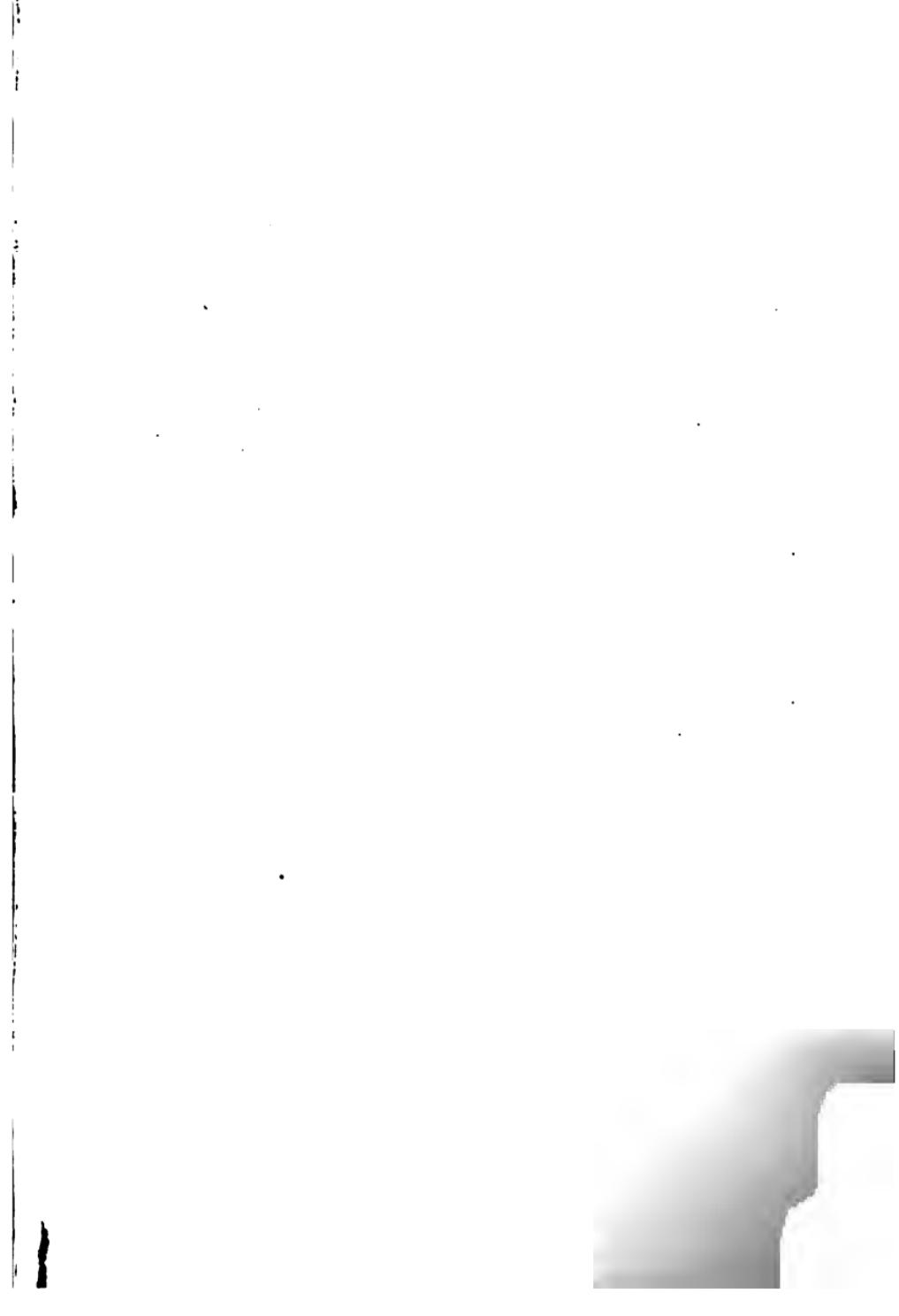
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***UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME,***

**And by the same Author:**

**POEMS, LYRIC AND IDYLLIC.**

—  
**PRICE, 75 CTS.**

# ALICE OF MONMOUTH

AN

## IDYL OF THE GREAT WAR

WITH

## OTHER POEMS

BY

EDMUND C. STEDMAN

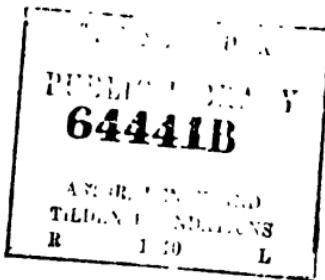


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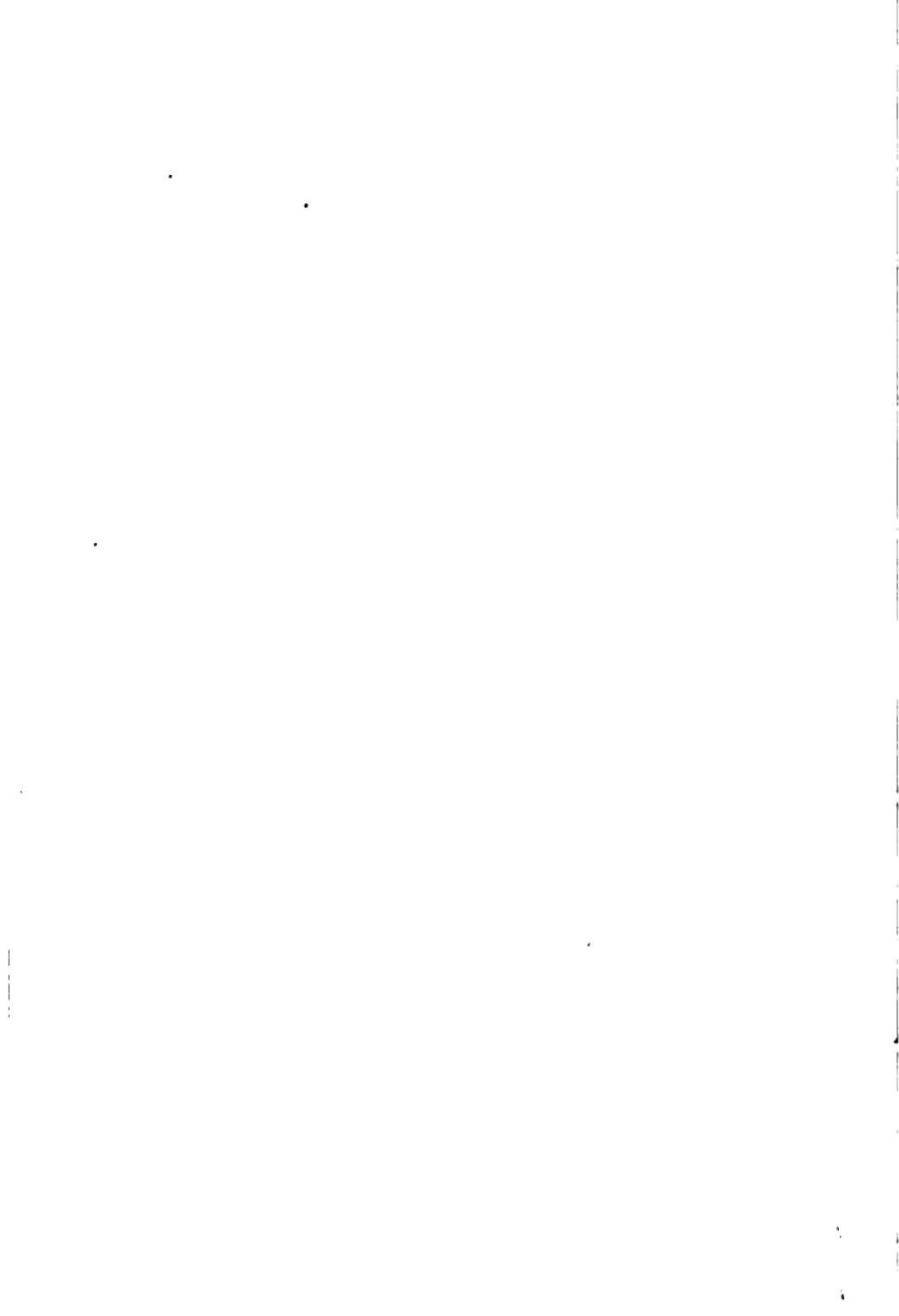
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DIED: MAY 18, 1868.

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*It was not given thee, who wast so brave,  
On the proud field to fill the patriot's grave;  
'Twas not thy lot, tho' graced with culture rare,  
To dwell 'mid things congenial and fair;  
Nor found thy gentle soul a destined mate,  
To share and soften such an adverse fate:  
Ah! sweeter, since they came so late, should prove  
Thy now serener glory — beauty — love.*

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I.

**ALICE OF MONMOUTH.**







## ALICE OF MONMOUTH.

### L

---

#### 1.

HENDRICK VAN GHELT of Monmouth shore,  
His fame still rings the county o'er !  
The stock that he raised, the stallion he rode,  
The fertile acres his farmers sow'd ;  
The dinners he gave ; the yacht which lay  
At his fishing-dock in the Lower Bay ;  
The suits which he waged, thro' many a year,  
For a rood of land behind his pier ;  
Of these the chronicles yet remain  
From Navesink Heights to Freehold Plain.

#### 2.

The Shrewsbury people in autumn help  
Their sandy toplands with marl and kelp,  
And their peach and apple orchards fill

The gurgling vats of the cross-road mill.  
They tell, as each twirls his tavern-can,  
Wonderful tales of that staunch old man,  
And they boast, of the draught they have tasted and  
smelt,  
“ ‘Tis good as the still of Hendrick Van Ghelt ! ”

## 3.

Were he alive, and at his prime,  
In this — our boisterous modern time,  
He would surely be, as he could not then,  
A stalwart leader of mounted men :  
A ranger, shouting his battle-cry,  
Who knew how to fight and dared to die ;  
And the fame, which a county’s limit spann’d,  
Might have grown a legend throughout the land.

## 4.

He would have scour’d the Valley through,  
Doing as now our bravest do ;  
Would have tried rough riding on the border,  
Punishing raider and marauder ;  
With bearded Ashby crossing swords  
As he took the Shenandoah fords ;



Giving bold Stuart a bloody chase  
Ere he reach'd again his trysting-place.  
Horse and horseman of the foe  
The blast of his bugle-charge should know,  
And his men should water their steeds, at will,  
From the banks of Southern river and rill.

## 5.

How many are there of us, in this  
Discordant social wilderness,  
Whose thriftiest scions the power gain,  
Thro' meet conditions of sun and rain,  
To yield, on the fairest blossoming shoot,  
A mellow harvest of perfect fruit ?  
Fashion'd after so rare a type,  
How should his life grow full and ripe,  
There, in the passionless haunts of Peace,  
Thro' trade, and tillage, and wealth's increase ?

## 6.

But at his manor-house he dwelt,  
And royally bore the name Van Ghelt ;  
Nor found a larger part to play,  
Than such as a county magnate may :

Ruling the hustings as he would,  
Lord of the rustic neighborhood ;  
With potent wishes and quiet words  
Holding an undisputed sway.  
The broadest meadows, the fattest herds,  
The fleetest roadsters, the warmest cheer,  
These were old Hendrick's many a year.  
Daughters unto his hearthstone came,  
And a son — to keep the ancient name.

## 7.

Often, perchance, the old man's eye  
From a seaward casement would espy,  
Scanning the harborage in the bay,  
A ship which idly at anchor lay ;  
Watching her as she rose and fell,  
Up and down, with the evening swell,  
Her cordage slacken'd, her sails unbent,  
And all her proud life somnolent.  
And perchance he thought — “ My life, it seems,  
Like her, unfreighted with aught but dreams ;  
Yet I feel within me a strength to dare  
Some outward voyage, I know not where ! ”  
But the forceful impulse wore away

In the common life of every day,  
And for Hendrick Van Ghelt no timely hour  
Ruffled the calm of that hidden power;  
Nor is it with him my words belong:  
But his presence ushers in the song,  
As a Lombardy poplar, lithe and hoar,  
Stands at a Monmouth farmer's door,  
Set like a spire against the sky —  
Marking the hours, while lover and maid  
Linger long in its stately shade,  
And round its summit the swallows fly.

## II.

## 1.

NATURE a devious by-way finds: solve me her  
secret whim,  
That the seed of a gnarled oak should sprout to a sap-  
ling straight and prim;  
That a russet should grow on the pippin stock, on the  
garden-rose a brier;  
That a stalwart race, in old Hendrick's son, should  
smother its wonted fire.

Hermann, fond of his book, and shirking the brawny  
out-door sports;  
Sent to college, and choosing for life the law with her  
mouldy courts;  
Proud, and of tender honor, as well became his father's  
blood,  
But with cold and courtly self-restraint weighing the  
ill and good;

Wed to a lady whose delicate veins that molten azure  
held,

Ichor of equal birth, wherewith our gentry their coup-  
lings weld ;

Viewing his father's careless modes with half a tolerant  
eye,

As one who honors, regretting not, old fashions passing by.

After a while the moment came when, unto the son and  
heir,

A son and heir was given in turn — a moment of joy  
and prayer,

For the angel, who guards the portals twain, oped, in  
the self-same breath,

To the child the pearly gate of life, to the mother the  
gate of death.

Father, and son, and an infant plucking the daisies over  
a grave :

The swell of a boundless surge keeps on, wave follow-  
ing after wave ;

Ever the tide of life sets toward the low invisible shore ;  
Whence had the current its distant source — when  
shall it flow no more ?

## 2.

Nature's serene renewals, that make the scion by one  
remove

Bear the ancestral blossom and thrive as the forest  
wilding throve !

Roseate stream of life, which hides the course its ducts  
pursue,

To rise, like that Sicilian fount, in far-off springs  
anew !

For the grandsire's vigor, rude and rare, asleep in the  
son had lain,

To waken in Hugh, the grandson's frame, with the  
antique force again ;

And ere the boy, said the Monmouth dames, had  
grown to his seventh year,

Well could you tell whose mantling blood swell'd in his  
temples clear.

Tall, and bent in the meeting brows ; swarthy of hair  
and face ;

Shoulders parting square, but set with the future hunts  
man's grace ;

Eyes alive with a fire which yet the old man's visage  
wore,  
At times, like the flash of a thunder-cloud when the  
storm is almost o'er.

## 3.

Toward the mettled stripling, then, the heart of the old  
man yearn'd ;  
And thus — while Hermann Van Ghelt once more,  
with a restless hunger, turn'd  
From the grave of her who died so young, to his books,  
and lawyer's gown,  
And the ceaseless clangor of mind with mind in the  
close and wrangling town —

They two, the boy and the grandsire, lived at the  
manor-house, and grew,  
The one to all manly arts apace, the other a youth  
anew —  
Pleased with the boy's free spirit, and teaching him, step  
by step, to wield  
The mastery over living things, and the craft of flood  
and field.

Apt, indeed, was the scholar: and born with a subtle  
    spell to gain  
The love of all dumb creatures at will; now lifting  
    himself, by the mane,  
Over the neck of the three-year colt, for a random bare-  
    back ride;  
Now chasing the waves on the rifted beach at the turn  
    of the evening tide.

Proud, in sooth, was the master: the youngster, he oft  
    and roundly swore,  
Was fit for the life a gentleman led in the lusty days of  
    yore!  
And he took the boy wherever he drove — to a county  
    fair or race;  
Gave him the reins and watch'd him guide the span at  
    a spanking pace;  
  
Taught him the sportsman's keen delight: to swallow  
    the air of morn,  
And start the whistling quail that hides and feeds in  
    the dewy corn;

Or in clear November underwoods to bag the squirrels,  
and flush  
The brown-wing'd mottled partridge awhir from her  
nest in the tangled brush;

Taught him the golden harvest laws, and the signs of  
sun and shower,  
And the thousand beautiful secret ways of graft and  
fruit and flower;  
Set him straight in his saddle, and cheer'd him gallop-  
ing over the sand;  
Sail'd with him to the fishing-shoals and placed the  
helm in his hand.

Often the yacht, with all sail spread, was steer'd by the  
fearless twain,  
Around the beacon of Sandy Hook, and out in the open  
main;  
Till the great sea-surges rolling in, as south-by-east  
they wore,  
Lifted the bows of the dancing craft, and the buoyant  
hearts she bore.

But in dreamy hours, which young men know, Hugh  
loved with the tide to float  
Far up the deep, dark-channel'd creeks, alone in his  
two-oar'd boat;  
While a fiery woven tapestry o'erhung the waters  
low,  
The warp of the frosted chestnut, the woof with maple  
and birch aglow;

Picking the grapes which dangled down; or watching  
the autumn skies,  
The osprey's slow imperial swoop, the scrawny bit-  
tern's rise;  
Nursing a longing for larger life than circled a rural  
home,  
An instinct of leadership within, and of action yet to  
come.

## 4.

Curtain of shifting seasons dropt on moor and meadow  
and hall,  
Open your random vistas of changes that come with  
time to all:

Hugh grown up to manhood; foremost, searching the  
county through,  
Of the Monmouth youth, in birth and grace, and the  
strength to will and do.

The father, past the prime of life, and his temples  
fleck'd with toil;

A bookman still, and leaving to Hugh the care of stock  
and soil.

Hendrick Van Ghelt, a bow'd old man in a fireside-  
corner chair,

Counting the porcelain Scripture tiles which frame the  
chimney there:

The shade of the stalwart gentleman the people used to  
know,

Forgetful of half the present scenes, but mindful of  
long-ago;

Aroused, mayhap, by growing murmurs of Southern  
feud, that came

And woke anew in his fading eyes a spark of their  
ancient flame.

## 5.

Gazing on such a group as this, folds of the curtain drop,

Hiding the grandsire's form; and the wheels of the sliding picture stop.

Gone, that stout old Hendrick, at last! and from miles around they came —

Farmer and squire, and whispering youths, recalling his manhood's fame.

Dead: and the Van Ghelt manor closed, and the home-  
stead acres leased;

For their owner had moved more near the town, where  
his daily tasks increased;

Choosing a home on the blue Passaic, whence the Newark spires and lights

Were seen, and over the salt sea-marsh the shadows  
of Bergen Heights.

Back and forth from his city work, the lawyer, day by day,

With the press of eager and toiling men, follow'd his wonted way;

And Hugh — he dallied with life at home, tending the  
garden and grounds ;  
But the mansion long'd for a woman's voice to soften its  
lonely sounds.

“ Hugh,” said Hermann Van Ghelt, at length, “ choose  
for yourself a wife,  
Comely, and good, and of birth to match the mother  
who gave you life :  
No words of woman have charm'd my ear since last I  
heard her voice ;  
And of fairest and proudest maids her son should make  
a worthy choice.”

But now the young man's wandering heart from the  
great world turn'd away,  
To long for the healthful Monmouth meads, the shores  
of the breezy bay ;  
And often the scenes and mates he knew in boyhood he  
sought again,  
And roam'd thro' the well-known woods, and lay in the  
grass where he once had lain.

## III.



LADIES, in silks and laces,  
Lunching with lips agleam,  
Know you aught of the places  
Yielding such fruit and cream ?

South from your harbor-islands  
Glisten the Monmouth hills ;  
There are the ocean highlands,  
Lowland meadows and rills,

Berries in field and garden,  
Trees with their fruitage low,  
Maidens, (asking your pardon,)  
Handsome as cities show.

Know you that, night and morning,  
A beautiful water-fay,  
Cover'd with strange adorning,  
Crosses your rippling bay?

Her sides are white and sparkling ;  
She whistles to the shore ;  
Behind, her hair is darkling,  
And the waters part before.

Lightly the waves she measures  
Up to wharves of the town ;  
There, unlading her treasures,  
Lovingly puts them down.

Come with me, ladies ; cluster  
Here on the western pier :  
Look at her jewels' lustre,  
Changed with the changing year !

First of the months to woo her,  
June his strawberries flings  
Over her garniture,  
Bringing her exquisite things ;

Rifling his richest casket ;  
Handing her, everywhere,  
Garnets in crate and basket ;  
Knowing she soon will wear

Blackberry jet and lava,  
Raspberries ruby-red,  
Trinkets that August gave her,  
Over her toilet spread.

After such gifts have faded,  
Then the peaches are seen :  
Coral and ivory braided,  
Fit for an Indian queen.

And September will send her,  
Proud of his wealth, and bold,  
Melons glowing in splendor,  
Emeralds set with gold.

So she glides to the Narrows,  
Where the forts are astir :  
Her speed is a shining arrow's !  
Guns are silent for her.

So she glides to the ringing  
Bells of the belfried town,  
Kissing the wharves, and flinging  
All of her jewels down.

Whence she gathers her riches,  
Ladies, now would you see ?  
Leaving your city niches,  
Wander awhile with me.

## IV.



## 1.

THE strawberry vines lie in the sun,  
Their myriad tendrils twined in one ;  
Spread like a carpet of richest dyes,  
The strawberry-field in sunshine lies.  
Each timorous berry, blushing red,  
Has folded the leaves above her head,  
The dark, green curtains gemm'd with dew ;  
But each blushful berry, peering through,  
Shows like a flock of the underthread —  
The crimson woof of a downy cloth  
Where the elves may kneel and plight their troth.

## 2.

Run thro' the rustling vines, to show  
Each picker an even space to go,  
Leaders of twinkling cord divide  
The field in lanes from side to side ;

And here and there with patient care,  
Lifting the leafage everywhere,  
Rural maidens and mothers dot  
The velvet of the strawberry-plot :  
Fair and freckled, old and young,  
With baskets at their girdles hung,  
Searching the plants with no rude haste —  
Lest berries should hang unpick'd, and waste,  
Of the pulpy, odorous, hidden quest,  
First gift of the fruity months, and best.

## 3.

Crates of the laden baskets cool  
Under the trees at the meadow's edge,  
Cover'd with grass and dripping sedge,  
And lily leaves from the shaded pool ;  
Fill'd, and ready to be borne  
To market before the morrow morn.  
Beside them, gazing at the skies,  
Hour after hour a young man lies.  
From the hillside, under the trees,  
He looks across the field, and sees  
The waves that ever beyond it climb  
Whitening the rye-slope's early prime ;

At times he listens, listlessly,  
To the tree-toad singing in the tree,  
Or sees the cat-bird peck his fill  
With feathers adroop and roguish bill.  
But often, with a pleased unrest,  
He lifts his glances to the west,  
Watching the kirtles, red and blue,  
Which cross the meadow in his view ;  
And he hears, anon, the busy throng  
Sing the Strawberry-Pickers' Song :

## 4.

Rifle the sweets our meadows bear,  
Ere the day has reach'd its nooning ;  
While the skies are fair, and the morning air  
Awakens the thrush's tuning.

*Softly the rivulet's ripples flow ;  
Dark is the grove that lovers know ;  
Here, where the whitest blossoms blow,  
The reddest and ripest berries grow.*

Bend to the crimson fruit, whose stain  
Is glowing on lips and fingers ;

The sun has lain in the leafy plain,  
And the dust of his pinions lingers.

*Softly the rivulet's ripples flow ;  
Dark is the grove that lovers know ;  
Here, where the whitest blossoms blow,  
The reddest and ripest berries grow.*

Gather the cones which lie conceal'd,  
With their vines your foreheads wreathing ;  
The strawberry-field its sweets shall yield  
While the western winds are breathing.

*Softly the rivulet's ripples flow ;  
Dark is the grove that lovers know ;  
Here, where the whitest blossoms blow,  
The reddest and ripest berries grow.*

## 5.

From the far hillside comes again  
An echo of the pickers' strain.  
Sweetly the group their cadence keep ;  
Swiftly their hands the trailers sweep ;

The vines are stripp'd and the song is sung,  
A joyous labor for old and young—  
For the blithe children, gleaning behind  
The women, marvellous treasures find.

## 6.

From the workers a maiden parts :  
The baskets at her waistband shine  
With berries that look like bleeding hearts  
Of a hundred lovers at her shrine ;  
No eastern girl were girdled so well  
With silken belt and silvery bell.  
Her slender form is tall and strong ;  
Her voice was the sweetest in the song ;  
Her brown hair, fit to wear a crown,  
Loose from its bonnet ripples down.  
Toward the crates, that lie in the shade  
Of the chestnut copse at the edge of the glade,  
She moves from her mates, thro' happy rows  
Of the children loving her as she goes.  
*Alice, our Alice!* one and all,  
Striving to stay her footsteps, call :  
(For children, with skilful choice, dispense  
The largesse of their innocence ;)

But on, with a sister's smile, she moves  
Into the darkness of the groves,  
And deftly, daintily, one by one,  
Shelters her baskets from the sun,  
Under the network, fresh and cool,  
Of lily leaves from the crystal pool.

## 7.

Turning her violet eyes, their rays  
Glisten'd full in the young man's gaze ;  
And each at each, for a moment's space,  
Look'd with a diffident surprise.  
“ Heaven ! ” thought Hugh, “ what artless grace  
That laborer's daughter glorifies !  
I never saw a fairer face,  
I never heard a sweeter voice ;  
And oh ! were she my father's choice,  
My father's choice and mine were one  
In the strawberry-field and morning sun.”

## V.

---

LOVE, from that summer morn  
Melting the souls of these two ;  
Love, which some of you know,  
Who read this poem to-day :  
Is it the same desire,  
The strong, ineffable joy,  
Which Jacob and Rachel felt,  
When he served her father long years,  
And the years were swift as days —  
So great was the love he bore ?  
Race, advancing with time,  
Growing in thought and deed,  
Mastering land and sea,  
Say, does the heart advance,  
Are its passions more pure and strong ?  
They, like Nature, remain,  
No more and no less than of yore.

Whoso conquers the earth,  
Winning its riches and fame,  
Comes to the evening at last,  
The sunset of three-score years ;  
Confessing that Love was real,  
All the rest was a dream !

The sum of his gains is dross ;  
The song in his praise is mute ;  
The wreath of his laurels fades ;  
But the kiss of his early love  
Still burns on his trembling lip,  
The spirit of one he loved  
Hallows his dreams at night.

A little while, and the scenes  
Of the play of Life are closed ;  
Come, let us rest an hour,  
And by the pleasant streams,  
Under the fresh, green trees,  
Let us walk hand in hand,  
And think of the days that were.

## VI



## 1.

ON river and height and salty moors the haze of  
autumn fell,  
And the cloud of a troubled joy enwrapt the face of  
Hugh as well :  
The spell of a secret haunt that far from home his foot-  
steps drew ;  
A love, which over the brow of youth the mask of  
manhood threw.

Birds of the air to the father, at length, the common  
rumor brought :  
“ Your son,” they sang, “ in the cunning toils of a rustic  
lass is caught ! ”  
“ A fit betrothal,” the lawyer said, “ must make these  
follies cease ;  
Which shall it be ? — the banker’s ward ? — Edith, the  
judge’s niece ? ”

“ Father, I pray ” — said Hugh ; “ O yes ! ” out-leapt  
the other’s mood,  
“ I hear of your wanton loiterings — they ill become  
your blood ;  
If you hold our name at such light worth, forbear to  
darken the life  
Of this Alice Dale ” — “ No, Alice Van Ghelt ! father,  
she is my wife.”

## 2.

Worldlings, who say the eagle should mate with eagle,  
after his kind,  
Nor have learn’d from what far and diverse cliffs the  
twain each other find,  
Yours is the old, old story, of age forgetting its wiser  
youth ;  
Of eyes, which are keen for others’ good and blind to  
an inward truth.

But the pride, which closed the father’s doors, swell’d  
in the young man’s veins,  
And he led his bride, in the sight of all, thro’ the pleas-  
ant Monmouth lanes,

To the little farm his grandsire gave, years since, for a  
birthday gift ;  
Unto such havens unforeseen the barks of our fortune  
drift !

There, for a happy pastoral year, he till'd the teeming  
field ;  
Scatter'd the marl above his land, and gather'd the  
orchard's yield ;  
And Alice, in fair and simple guise, kiss'd him at even-  
fall ;  
And her face was to him an angel's face, and love was  
all in all.

— What is this light in the southern sky, painting a red  
alarm ?  
What is this trumpet call, which sounds thro' peaceful  
village and farm ;  
Jarring the sweet idyllic rest ; stilling the children's  
throng ;  
Hushing the cricket on the hearth, and the lovers' even-  
ing song ?

## VII.

## 1.

**W**AR! war! war!

Manning of forts on land and ships for sea;  
Innumerable lips that speak the righteous wrath  
Of days which have been and again may be;  
Flashing of tender eyes disdaining tears;  
A pause of men with indrawn breath,  
Knowing it awful for the people's will  
Thus, thus to end the mellow years  
Of harvest, growth, prosperity,  
And bring the years of famine, fire, and death,  
Tho' fear and a nation's shame are more awful still.

## 2.

War! war! war!

A thundercloud in the South in the early Spring:  
The launch of a thunderbolt, and then,

With one red flare, the lightning stretch'd its wing,  
And a rolling echo roused a million men !

Then the ploughman left his field ;  
The smith, at his clang ing forge,  
Forged him a sword to wield ;  
From meadow, and mountain-gorge,  
And the western plains, they came,  
Fronting the storm and flame.

War ! war ! war !

Heaven aid the right !

God nerve the hero's arm in the fearful fight !  
God send the women sleep, in the long, long night,  
When the breasts on whose strength they lean'd shall  
heave no more.

VIII.

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1.

SPAKE each mother to her son,  
Ere an ancient field was won :  
“ Spartan, who me your mother call,  
Our country is mother of us all ;  
In her you breathe, and move, and are ;  
In peace for her to live — in war  
For her to die — is, gloriously,  
A patriot to live and die ! ”

2.

The times are now as grand as then  
With dauntless women, earnest men ;  
For thus the mothers whom we know  
Bade their sons to battle go ;  
And, with a smile, the loyal North  
Sent her million freemen forth.

## 3.

“ What men should stronger-hearted be  
Than we, who dwell by the open sea —  
Tilling the lands our fathers won  
In battle on the Monmouth Plains ?  
Ah ! a memory remains,  
Telling us what they have done,  
Teaching us what we should do.  
Let us send our rightful share —  
Hard-handed yeomen, horsemen rare,  
A hundred riders fleet and true.”

## 4.

A hundred horsemen, led by Hugh :  
“ Were he still here,” their captain thought,  
“ The brave old man, who train’d my youth,  
What a leader he would make  
Where the battle’s topmost billows break !  
The crimes, which brought our land to ruth,  
How in his soul they would have wrought !  
God help me, no deed of mine shall shame  
The honor of my grandsire’s name ;  
And my father shall see how pure and good  
Runs in these veins the olden blood.”

## 5.

Shore and inland their men have sent :  
Away, to the mounted regiment,  
The silver-hazed Potomac heights,  
The circling raids, the hundred fights,  
The booth, the bivouac, the tent.  
Away, from the happy Monmouth farms,  
To noontide marches, night alarms,  
Death in the shadowy oaken glades,  
Emptied saddles, broken blades,  
All the turmoil that soldiers know  
Who gallop to meet a mortal foe.  
Some to conquer, some to fall :  
War hath its chances for one and all.

## 6.

Heroes, who render up their lives  
On the country's fiery altar-stone —  
They do not offer themselves alone.  
What shall become of the soldiers' wives ?  
They stay behind in the lonely cots,  
Weeding the humble garden-plots ;

Some to speed the needle and thread,  
For the soldiers' children must be fed ;  
All to sigh, thro' the toilsome day,  
And at night teach lisping lips to pray  
For the fathers marching far away.

**IX.**

---

**1.**

CLOUD and flame on the dark frontier,  
Veiling the hosts embattled there :  
Peace, and a boding stillness, here,  
Where the wives at home repeat their prayer.

**2.**

The locusts sing a plaintive song,  
The weary August days are long ;  
The cattle miss their master's call  
When they see the sunset shadows fall.  
The youthful mistress, at even-tide,  
Stands by the cedar wicket's side,  
With both hands pushing from the front  
Her hair, as those who listen are wont ;  
Gazing toward the unknown South,  
While silent whispers part her mouth :

## 3.

“O, if a woman could only find  
Other work than to wait behind,  
Thro’ midnight dew and noonday drouth —  
To wait behind, and fear, and pray !  
O, if a soldier’s wife could say —  
‘Where thou goest, I will go ;  
Kiss thee ere thou meet’st the foe ;  
Where thou lodgest, worst or best,  
Share and soothe thy broken rest !’  
— Alas, to stifle her pain and wait,  
This was ever a woman’s fate !  
But the lonely hours at least may be  
Pass’d a little nearer thee,  
And the city thou guardest with thy life,  
Thou’lt guard more fondly for holding thy wife.”

## 4.

Ah, tender heart of woman leal,  
Supple as wax and strong as steel !  
Thousands as faithful and as lone,  
Following each some dearest one,  
Found in those early months a home,  
Under the brightness of that dome

Whose argent arches for aye enfold  
The hopes of a people in their hold —  
Irradiate, in the sight of all  
Who guard the Capital's outer wall.  
Lastly came one, amid the rest,  
Whose form a sun-burnt soldier prest,  
As lovers embrace, in respite lent  
From unfulfill'd imprisonment.  
And Alice found a new content :  
Dearer for perils that had been  
Were halcyon meetings, far between ;  
Better, for dangers yet to be,  
The moments she still his face could see ;  
These, for the pure and loving wife,  
Were the silver bars that mark'd her life,  
That number'd the days melodiously ;  
While, thro' all noble daring, Hugh  
From a Captain to a Colonel grew,  
And his praises sweeten'd every tongue  
That reach'd her ear — for old and young  
Gave him the gallant leader's due.

## X.

## 1.

FLIGHT of a meteor thro' the sky,  
Scattering firebrands, arrows and death :  
A baleful year, that hurtled by,  
While ancient kingdoms held their breath.

## 2.

The Capital grew aghast with sights  
Flash'd from the lurid river-heights,  
Full of the fearful things sent down,  
By demons haunting the middle air,  
Into the hot, beleaguer'd town —  
All woful sights and sounds, which seem  
The fantasy of a sickly dream :  
Crowded wickedness everywhere ;  
Everywhere a stifled sense  
Of the noonday-striding pestilence ;

Every church, from wall to wall,  
A closely-mattrass'd hospital ;  
And ah ! our bleeding heroes, brought  
From smouldering fields so vainly fought,  
Filling each place where a man could lie  
To gasp a dying wish — and die ;  
While the sombre sky, relentlessly,  
Cover'd the town with a funeral-pall,  
A death-damp, trickling funeral-pall.

## 3.

Always the dust and mire ; the sound  
Of the rumbling wagon's ceaseless round,  
The cannon jarring the trampled ground.  
The sad, unvarying picture wrought  
Upon the pitying woman's heart  
Of Alice, the Colonel's wife, and taught  
Her spirit to choose the better part —  
The labor of loving angels, sent  
To men in their sore encompassment.  
Daily her gentle steps were bent  
Thro' the thin pathways which divide  
The patient sufferers, side from side,  
In dolorous wards, where Death and Life

Wage their silent, endless strife ;  
And she loosed for all her soothing words,  
Sweet as the songs of homestead birds.  
Sometimes that utterance musical  
On the soldier's failing sense would fall,  
Seeming, almost, a prelude given  
Of whispers that calm the air of Heaven ;  
While her white hand, moistening his poor lips  
With the draught which slakeless fever sips,  
Pointed him to that fount above —  
River of water of life and love —  
Stream without price, of whose purity  
Whoever thirsteth may freely buy.

## 4.

How many — whom in their mortal pain  
She tended — 'twas given her to gain,  
Thro' Him who died upon the rood,  
For that divine beatitude,  
Who of us all can ever know  
Till the golden books their records show ?  
But she saw their dying faces light,  
And felt a rapture in the sight.  
And many a sufferer's earthly life

Thank'd for new strength the Colonel's wife ;  
Many a soldier turn'd his head,  
Watching her pass his narrow bed,  
Or, haply, his feeble frame would raise,  
As the dim lamp her form reveal'd ;  
And, like the children in the field,  
(For soldiers like little ones become —  
As simple in heart, as frolicsome,) —  
One and another breath'd her name,  
Blessing her as she went and came.

## 5.

So, thro' all actions pure and good,  
Unknowing evil, shame, or fear,  
She grew to perfect ladyhood —  
Unwittingly the mate and peer  
Of the proudest of her husband's blood.

## XI.

## 1.

LIKE an affluent, royal town, the summer camps  
Of a hundred thousand men are stretch'd away.  
At night, like multitudinous city lamps,  
Their numberless watch-fires beacon, clear and still,  
And a glory beams from the zenith lit  
With lurid vapors that over its star-lights flit ;  
But wreaths of opaline cloud o'erhang, by day,  
The crystal-pointed tents, from hill to hill,  
From vale to vale — until  
The heavens on endless peaks their curtain lay.  
A magical city ! spread to-night  
On hills which slope within our sight :  
To-morrow, as at the waving of a wand,  
Tents, guidons, bannerols, are moved afar —  
Rising elsewhere, as rises a morning-star,  
Or the dream of Aladdin's palace in fairy-land.

## 2.

Camp after camp, like marble square on square ;  
Street following street, with many a park between ;  
Bright bayonet-sparkles in the tremulous air ;  
Far-fading, purple smoke above their sheen ;  
Green central fields with flags like flowers abloom ;  
And, all about, close-order'd populous life.  
But here no festering trade, no civic strife :  
Only the blue-clad soldiers everywhere,  
Waiting to-morrow's victory or doom ;  
Men of the hour, to whom these pictures seem,  
Like schoolboy thoughts, half-real, half a dream.

## 3.

Camps of the cavalry, apart,  
Are pitch'd with nicest art  
On hilly suburbs where old forests grow.  
Here, by itself, one glimmers thro' the pines :  
One, whose high-hearted chief we know :  
A thousand men leap when his bugles blow ;  
A thousand horses curvet at his lines,  
Pawing the turf ; among them come and go  
The jacketed troopers, changed by wind and rain,  
Storm, raid and skirmish, sunshine, midnight dew,  
To bronzed men who never ride in vain.

## 4.

In the great wall-tent at the head of the square,  
The Colonel hangs his sword, and there  
Huge logs burn high in front at the close of the day ;  
And the captains gather ere the long tattoo,  
While the band of buglers play.

Then come the tales of home and the troopers' song :  
Clear over the distant outposts float the notes,  
And the lone vidette to catch them listens long ;  
And the officer of the guard, upon his round,  
Pauses, to hear the sound  
Of the chiming chorus pour'd from a score of throats :

## 5.

Our good steeds snuff the evening air,  
Our pulses with their purpose tingle ;  
The foeman's fires are twinkling there ;  
He leaps to hear our sabres jingle !

HALT !

Each carbine sent its whizzing ball :  
Now, cling ! clang ! forward all,  
Into the fight !

Dash on beneath the smoking dome :  
Thro' level lightnings gallop nearer !

One look to Heaven ! No thoughts of home :  
The guidons that we bear are dearer.

**CHARGE !**

Cling ! clang ! forward all !  
Heaven help those whose horses fall :  
Cut left and right !

They flee before our fierce attack !  
They fall ! they spread in broken surges.  
Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,  
And leave the foeman to his dirges.

**WHEEL !**

The bugles sound the swift recall :  
Cling ! clang ! backward all !  
Home, and good-night !

## XII.

## 1.

WHEN April rains, and the great spring-tide,  
Cover the lowlands far and wide,  
And eastern winds blow somewhat harsh  
Over the salt and mildew'd marsh,  
Then the grasses take deeper root,  
Sucking, athirst and resolute ;  
And when the waters eddy away,  
Flowing in trenches to Newark Bay,  
The fibrous blades grow rank and tall,  
And from their tops the reed-birds call.  
Five miles in width the moor is spread ;  
Two broad rivers its borders thread ;  
The schooners, which up their channels pass,  
Seem to be sailing in the grass,  
Save as they rise with the moon-drawn sea,  
Twice in the day, continuously.

## 2.

Gray with an inward struggle grown,  
The brooding lawyer, Hermann Van Ghelt,  
Lived at the mansion-house, alone —  
But a chilling cloud at his bosom felt,  
Like the fog which crept, at morn and night,  
Across the rivers in his sight,  
And rising, left the moorland plain  
Bare and spectral and cold again.  
He saw the one tall hill, which stood  
Huge with its quarry and gloaming wood,  
And the creeping engines, as they hist  
Thro' the dim reaches of the mist —  
Serpents, with ominous eyes aglow,  
Thridding the grasses to and fro ;  
And he thought how each dark, receding train  
Carried its freight of joy and pain,  
On toil's adventure and fortune's quest,  
To the troubled city of unrest ;  
And he knew that under the desolate pall  
Of the bleak horizon, skirting all,  
The burden'd ocean heaved, and roll'd  
Its moaning surges manifold.

## 3.

Often at evening, gazing through  
The eastward windows on such a view,  
Its sense enwrapt him as with a shroud ;  
Often at noon, in the city's crowd,  
He saw, as 'twere in a mystic glass,  
Unbidden faces before him pass —  
A soldier, with eyes unawed and mild  
As the eyes of one who was his child —  
A woman's visage, like that which blest  
A year of his better years the best ;  
And the plea of a voice, remember'd well,  
Deep in his secret hearing fell.  
And as week by week its records brought  
Of heroes fallen as they fought,  
There little by little awakened  
In the lawyer's heart a shapeless dread,  
A fear of the tidings, which of all  
On ear and spirit heaviest fall —  
Changeless sentence of mortal fate,  
Freezing the marrow with — Too Late !

### XIII.

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#### 1.

THUS — when ended the morning tramp,  
And the regiment came back to camp,  
And the Colonel, tho' breathing hard with pain,  
Was carried within the lines again —  
Thus a Color-Sergeant told  
The story of that skirmish bold :

#### 2.

“ Twas an hour past midnight, twelve hours ago —  
We were all asleep, you know,  
Save the officer on his rounds,  
And the guard-relief — when sounds  
The signal-gun ! once — twice —  
Thrice ! — and then, in a trice,  
The long assembly-call rang sharp and clear,  
Till ‘ Boots and Saddles’ made us scamper like mice !

No time to waste  
In asking whether a fight was near ;  
Over the horses went their traps in haste ;  
Not ten minutes had past  
Ere we stood in marching gear,  
And the call of the roll was follow'd by orders fast :  
'Prepare to mount !'  
'Mount !' — and the company ranks were made ;  
Then in each rank, by fours, we took the count,  
And the head of the column wheel'd for the long  
parade.

## 3.

"There, on the beaten ground,  
The regiment form'd from right to left ;  
Our Colonel, straight in his saddle, look'd around —  
Reining the stallion in, that felt the heft  
Of his rider, and stamp'd his foot, and wanted to dance.  
At last the order came :  
'By twos : forward, march !' — and the same  
From each officer in advance ;  
And, as the rear-guard left the spot,  
We broke into the even trot.

## 4.

“‘Trot, march !’ — two by two,  
In the dust and in the dew,  
Roads and open meadows through.  
Steadily we kept the tune  
Underneath the stars and moon.  
None, except the Colonel, knew  
What our orders were to do ;  
Whether on a forage-raid  
We were tramping, boot and blade,  
Or a close reconnaissance  
Ere the army should advance ;  
One thing certain, we were bound  
Straight for Stuart’s camping-ground.  
Plunging into forest-shade,  
Well we knew each glen and glade !  
Sweet they smell’d — the pine and oak,  
And of home my comrade spoke.  
Tramp, tramp, out again,  
Sheer across the ragged plain,  
Where the moonbeams glaze our steel  
And the fresher air we feel.  
Thus a triple league, and more,  
Till behind us spreads the gray

Pallid light of breaking day,  
And on cloudy hills, before,  
Rebel camp-fires smoke away ;  
Hard by yonder clump of pines  
We should touch the rebel lines :  
'Walk, march !' and, softly now,  
Gain yon hillock's westward brow.

## 5.

"'Halt !' and 'Right into line !' — There on the ridge  
In battle-order we let the horses breathe ;  
The Colonel raised his glass, and scann'd the bridge,  
The tents on the bank beyond, the stream beneath.  
Just then the sun first broke from the redder east,  
And their pickets saw five hundred of us, at least,  
Stretch'd like a dark stockade against the sky ;  
We heard their long-roll clamor loud and nigh :  
In half a minute, a rumbling battery whirl'd  
To a mound in front, unlimbering with a will,  
And a twelve-pound solid shot came right along,  
Singing a devilish morning-song,  
And touch'd my comrade's leg, and the poor boy curl'd  
And dropt to the turf, holding his bridle still.

Well, we moved out of range — were wheeling round,  
I think, for the Colonel had taken his look at their  
ground,

(Thus he was order'd, it seems, and nothing more :  
Hardly worth coming at midnight for !)

When, over the bridge, a troop of the enemy's horse  
Dash'd out upon our course,  
Giving us hope of a tussle to warm our blood.  
Then we cheer'd, to a man, that our early call  
Hadn't been sounded for nothing, after all ;  
And halting, to wait their movements, the column  
stood.

## 6.

“ Then into squadrons we saw their ranks enlarge,  
And slow and steady they moved to the charge,  
Shaking the ground as they came in carbine-range.  
‘ Front into line ! March ! Halt ! Front ! ’  
Our Colonel cried ; and in squadrons, to meet the  
brunt,  
We too from the walk to the trot our paces change :  
‘ Gallop, march ! ’ — and, hot for the fray,  
Pistols and sabres drawn, we canter away.

## 7.

“ Twenty rods over the slippery clover  
We gallop’d as gaily as lady and lover ;  
Held the reins lightly, our good weapons tightly,  
Five solid squadrons all shining and sightly ;  
Not too fast — half the strength of our brave steeds to  
wasten,  
Not too slow — for the warmth of their fire made us  
hasten,  
As it came with a rattle and open’d the battle,  
Tumbling from saddles ten fellows of mettle ;  
So the distance grew shorter, their sabres shone  
broader ;  
Then the bugle’s wild blare and the Colonel’s loud  
order —

“ **CHARGE !** and we sprang, while the far echo rang,  
And their bullets, like bees, in our ears fiercely sang.  
Forward we strode to pay what we owed,  
Right at the head of their column we rode ;  
Together we dash’d, and the air reel’d and flash’d ;  
Stirrups, sabres and scabbards, all shatter’d and crash’d,  
As we cut in and out, right and left, all about,  
Hand to hand, blow for blow, shot for shot, shout for  
shout,

Till the earth seem'd to boil with the heat of our toil ;  
But in less than five minutes we felt them recoil,  
Heard their shrill rally sound, and, like hares from the  
hound,

Each ran for himself : one and all fled the ground.  
Then we goaded them up to their guns, where they  
cower'd,

And the breeze clear'd the field where the battle-cloud  
lower'd.

Three-score of them lay, to teach them the way  
Van Ghelt and his rangers their compliments pay ;  
But a plenty, I swear, of our saddles were bare :  
Friend and foe, horse and rider, lay sprawl'd every-  
where ;  
'Twas hard hitting, you see, Sir, that gain'd us the  
day !

## 8.

“ Yes, they too had their say before they fled,  
And the loss of our Colonel is worse than all the rest.  
One of their captains aim'd at him, as he led  
The foremost charge — I shot the rascal dead,  
But the Colonel fell, with a bullet thro' his breast.  
We lifted him from the mire, when the field was won,

And their captured colors shaded him from the sun  
In the farmer's wagon we took for his homeward ride ;  
But he never said a word, nor open'd his eyes,  
Till we reach'd the camp. In yon hospital tent he lies,  
And his poor young wife will come to watch by his  
side.

The surgeon hasn't found the bullet, as yet,  
But he says it's a mortal wound. Where will you get  
Another such man to lead us, if he dies ?"

## XIV.

## 1.

SPRUNG was the bow at last ;  
And the barb'd and pointed dart —  
Keen with stings of the past,  
Barb'd with a vain remorse —  
Clove for itself a course,  
Straight to the father's heart ;  
And a lonely wanderer stood,  
Mazed in a mist of thought,  
On the edge of a field of blood.  
— For a battle had been fought,  
And the cavalry skirmish was but a wild prelude  
To the broader carnage that heap'd a field in vain :  
A terrible battle had been fought,  
Till its changeful current brought  
Tumultuous angry surges roaring back  
To the lines where our army had lain.

The lawyer — driven hard by an inward pain —  
Was crossing, in search of a dying son, the track  
Where the deluge rose and fell, and its stranded wrack  
Had sown the loathing earth with human slain.

## 2.

Friends and foes — who could discover which,  
As they mark'd the zigzag, outer ditch,  
Or lay so cold and still in the bush,  
Fallen and trampled down in the last wild rush ?  
Then the shatter'd forest trees ; the clearing there  
Where a battery stood ; dead horses, pawing the air  
With horrible upright hoofs ; a mangled mass  
Of wounded and stifled men in the low morass ;  
And the long trench dug in haste for a burial-pit,  
Whose yawning length and breadth all comers fit.

## 3.

And over the dreadful precinct, like the lights  
That flit thro' graveyard walks in dismal nights,  
Men with lanterns were groping among the dead,  
Holding the flame' to every hueless face,  
And bearing those, whose life had not wholly fled,  
On stretchers, that look'd like biers, from the ghastly  
place.

## 4.

The air above seem'd heavy with errant souls,  
Dense with ghosts from those gory forms arisen —  
Each rudely driven from its prison,  
'Mid the harsh jar of rattling musket-rolls,  
And quivering throes, and unexpected force ;  
In helpless waves adrift confusedly,  
Freighting the sombre haze without resource.  
Thro' all there trickled, from the pitying sky,  
An infinite mist of tears upon the ground,  
Muffling the groans of anguish with its sound.

## 5.

On the borders of such a land, on the bounds of Death,  
The stranger, shuddering, moved as one who saith :  
“ God ! what a doleful clime, a drear domain ! ”  
And onward, struggling with his pain,  
Traversed the endless camp-fires, spark by spark,  
Past sentinels that challenged from the dark,  
Guided thro' camp and camp, to one long tent  
Whose ridge a flying bolt from the field had rent,  
Letting the midnight mist, the battle din,  
Fall on the hundred forms that writhed within.

## 6.

Beyond the gaunt Zouave at the nearest cot,  
And the bugler shot in the arm, who lay beside —  
Looking down at the wounded spot  
Even then, for all the pain, with boyish pride —  
And a score of men, with blankets open'd wide,  
Showing the gory bandages which bound  
The paths of many a deadly wound,  
— Over all these the stranger's vision sped  
To one low stretcher, at whose head  
A woman, bow'd and brooding, sate,  
As sit the angels of our fate,  
Who, motionless, our births and deaths await.  
He whom she tended moan'd and tost,  
Restless, as some laborious vessel, lost  
Close to the port for which we saw it sail,  
Groans in the long perpetual gale ;  
But she, that watch'd the storm, forbore to weep.  
Sometimes the stranger saw her move  
To others, who also with their anguish strove ;  
But ever again her constant footsteps turn'd  
To one who made sad mutterings in his sleep ;  
Ever she listen'd to his breathings deep,  
Or trimm'd the midnight lamp that feebly burn'd.

## XV.

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LEANING her face on her hand  
She sat by the side of Hugh,  
Silently watching him breathe,  
As a lily curves its grace  
Over the broken form  
Of the twin which stood by its side.  
A glory upon her head  
Trail'd from the light above,  
Gilding her tranquil hair  
In ripples that faded out  
Where a shadow hid the floor.  
There she sat in a trance,  
And her soul flow'd thro' the past,  
As a river, day and night,  
Passes thro' changeful shores —  
Sees, on the two-fold bank,  
Meadow and mossy grange,

Castles on hoary crags,  
Forests, and fortress'd towns,  
And shrinks from the widening bay,  
And the darkness which overhangs  
The unknown, limitless sea.

Was it a troubled dream,  
All that the stream of her life  
Had mirror'd along its course ?

All — from that summer morn  
When she seem'd to meet in the field  
One whom she vow'd to love,  
And with whom she wander'd thence,  
Leaving the home of her youth ?

Were they visions indeed —

The pillars of smoke and flame,  
The sound of a hundred fights,  
The grandeur, and ah ! the gloom,  
The shadows which circled her now,  
And the wraith of the one she loved

Gliding away from her grasp,  
Vanishing swiftly and sure ?

Yes, it was all a dream ;

And the strange, sad man, who moved  
To the other side of the couch,

Bending over it long,  
Pressing his hand on his heart,  
And gazing, anon, in her eyes —  
He, with his scanty hair,  
And pallid, repentant face,  
He, too, was a voiceless dream,  
A vision like all the rest ;  
He with the rest would fade  
When the day should dawn again,  
When the spectral mist of night,  
Fused with the golden morn,  
Should melt in the eastern sky.

## XVI.

## 1.

“STEADY! forward the squadron!” cries  
The dying soldier, and strives amain  
To rise from the pillow and his pain.  
Wild and wandering are his eyes,  
Painting once more, on the empty air,  
The wrathful battle’s wavering glare.  
“Hugh!” said Alice, and check’d her fear,  
“Speak to me, Hugh; your father is here.”  
“Father! what of my father? he  
Is anything but a father to me;  
What need I of a father, when  
I have the hearts of a thousand men?”  
“—Alas, Sir, he knows not me nor you!”  
And with caressing words, the twain—  
The man with all remorsefulness,  
The woman with loving tenderness—

Sooth'd the soldier to rest anew,  
And, as the madness left his brain,  
Silently watch'd his sleep again.

## 2.

And again the father and the wife,  
Counting the precious sands of life,  
Look'd each askance, with those subtle eyes,  
Which probe thro' all human mysteries  
And all hidden motives fathom well ;  
But the mild regard of Alice fell,  
Meeting the other's contrite glance,  
On his meek and furrow'd countenance,  
Scathed, as it seem'd, with troubled thought :  
"Surely good angels have with him wrought,"  
She murmur'd, and halted, even across  
The sorrowful threshold of her loss,  
To pity his thin and changing hair,  
And her heart forgave him, unaware.

## 3.

And he — who saw how she still represt  
A drear foreboding within her breast,  
And, by her wifehood's nearest right,

Ever more closely thro' the night,  
Clave unto him whose quicken'd breath  
Came like a waft from the realm of Death —  
He felt what a secret, powerful tie  
Bound them in one, mysteriously.  
He studied her features, as she stood  
Lighting the shades of that woful place  
With the presence of her womanhood,  
And thought — as the dying son had thought  
When her beauty first his vision caught —  
“ I never saw a fairer face ;  
I never heard a sweeter voice ! ”  
And a sad remembrance thridded fast  
Thro' all the labyrinth of the past,  
Till he said, as the scales fell off at last,  
“ How could I blame him for his choice ? ”  
Then he look'd upon the sword, which lay  
At the headboard, under the night-lamp's ray —  
He saw the coat, the stains, the dust,  
The gilded eagles worn with rust,  
The swarthy forehead and matted hair  
Of the strong, brave hero lying there —  
And he felt how gently Hugh held command,  
The life how gallant, the death how grand ;

And with trembling lips, and the words that choke,  
And the tears which burn the cheek, he spoke :  
“ Where is the father who would not joy  
In the manhood of such a noble boy ?  
This life, which had been thro’ my own,  
Was a better life than I have known ;  
O, that its fairness should be earth,  
Ere I could prize it at its worth ! ”  
“ Too late ! too late ! ” — he made his moan —  
“ I find a daughter, and her alone.  
He deem’d you worthy to bear his name,  
His spotless honor, his lasting fame ;  
I, who have wrong’d you, bid you live  
To comfort the lonely — and forgive.”

## 4.

Dim and silvery from the east,  
The infant light of another morn  
Over the stirring camps was borne ;  
But the soldier’s pulse had almost ceased,  
And there crept upon his brow the change —  
Ah, how sudden : alas, how strange !  
Yet again his eyelids open’d wide,  
And his glances moved to either side,

This time with a clear intelligence  
Which took all objects in its sense,  
A power to comprehend the whole  
Of the scene that girded his passing soul.  
The father, who saw it, slowly drew  
Nearer to her that wept anew,  
And gather'd her tenderly in his hold —  
As mortals their precious things enfold,  
Grasping them late and sure ; and Hugh  
Gazed on the two a space, and smiled  
With the look he wore when a little child :  
A smile of pride and peace, that meant  
A free forgiveness — a full content ;  
Then his clouding sight an instant clung  
To the flag whose stars above him hung,  
And his blunted senses seem'd to hear  
The long reveilleé sounding near ;  
But the ringing clarion could not vie  
With the richer notes which fill'd his ear,  
Nor the breaking morn with that brighter sky.

XVII.

1.

WEAR no armor, timid heart ;  
    Fear no keen misfortune's dart,  
Want, nor scorn, nor secret blow  
Dealt thee by thy mortal foe.

2.

Let the fates their weapons wield,  
For a wondrous woven shield  
Shall be given thee, ere long.  
Mesh of gold were not so strong ;  
Not so soft were silken shred ;  
Not so fine the spider's thread  
Barring the enchanted door  
In that tale of ancient lore,  
Guarding, silently and well,  
All within the mystic cell.

Such a shield, where'er thou art,  
Shall be thine, O wounded heart !  
From the ills that compass thee  
Thou behind it shalt be free ;  
Envy, slander, malice, all  
Shall withdraw them from thy — Pall.

## 3.

Build no house with patient care,  
Fair to view, and strong as fair ;  
Wall'd with noble deeds' renown ;  
Shining over field and town,  
Seen from land and sea afar,  
Proud in peace, secure in war.  
For the moments never sleep,  
Building thee a castle-keep —  
Proof alike 'gainst heat and cold,  
Earthly sorrows manifold,  
Sickness, failure of thine ends,  
And the falling off of friends.  
Treason, want, dishonor, wrong,  
None of these shall harm thee long.  
Every day a beam is made ;  
Hour by hour a stone is laid.

Back the cruellest shall fall  
From the warder at the wall ;  
Foeman shall not dare to tread  
On the ramparts o'er thy head ;  
Dark triumphant flags shall wave  
From the fastness of thy — Grave.

## XVIII.



## 1.

THERE'S an hour, at the fall of night, when the  
blissful souls  
Of those who were dear in life seem close at hand ;  
There's a holy midnight hour, when we speak their  
names  
In pauses between our songs on the trellis'd porch,  
And we sing the hymns which they loved, and almost  
know  
Their phantoms are somewhere with us, filling the  
gaps,  
The sorrowful chasms left when they pass'd away ;  
And we seem, in the hush of our yearning voices, to  
hear  
Their warm, familiar breathing somewhere near.

## 2.

At such an hour — when again the Autumn haze  
Silver'd the moors, and the new moon peer'd, from the  
west,

Over the blue Passaic, and the mansion shone  
Clear and white on the ridge which skirts the stream —  
At the twilight hour a man and a woman sat  
On the open porch, in the garb of those who mourn.  
Father and daughter they seem'd ; and with thoughtful  
eyes,  
Silent, and full of the past, they watch'd the skies.

## XIX.



SILENT they were, not sad, for the sod, that covers  
the grave  
Of those we have given to fame, smells not of the hate-  
ful mould,  
But of roses and fragrant ferns, while marvellous im-  
mortelles  
Twine in glory above, and their graces give us joy.  
Silent, but oh! not sad: for the babe on the couch  
within  
Drank at the mother's breast, till the current of life,  
outdrawn,  
Open'd inflowing currents of faith and sweet content;  
And the gray-hair'd man, repenting in tears the foolish  
past,  
Had seen in the light from those inscrutable infant  
eyes —

Fresh from the unknown world — the glimpses which,  
long ago,  
Gladden'd his golden youth, and had found his soul at  
peace.

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**XX.**

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**1.**

**L**ASTLY the moon went down ; like burnish'd steel  
The infinite ether wrapt the crispy air. .  
Then, arm in arm on the terrace-walk, the pair  
Moved in that still communion — where we feel  
No need of audible questions and replies,  
But mutual pulses all our thoughts reveal ;  
And, as they turn'd to leave the outer night,  
Far in the cloudless North, a radiant sight  
Stay'd their steps for a while and held their eyes.

**2.**

There, thro' the icy mail of the boreal heaven,  
Two-edged and burning swords by unseen hands  
Were thrust, till a climbing throng its path had riven  
Straight from the Pole, and, over seas and lands,  
Push'd for the zenith, while from east to west

Flamed many a towering helm and gorgeous crest;  
And then — a rarer pageant than the rest —  
An angrier light glared from the southern sky,  
As if the austral trumpets made reply,  
And the wrath of a challenged realm had swiftly tost  
On the empyrean the flags of another host :  
Pennons with or and scarlet blazing high,  
Crimson and orange banners proudly crost ;  
While thro' the environ'd space, that lay between  
Their adverse fronts, the ether seem'd to tremble,  
Shuddering to view such ruthless foes assemble,  
And one by one the stars withdrew their sheen.

## 3.

The two, enrapt with such a vision, saw  
Its ominous surges, dense, prismatic, vast,  
Heaved from the round horizon ; and in awe,  
Musing awhile, were silent. Till at last  
The younger, fair in widow's garments, spoke :  
“ See, father, how, from either pole,  
The deep, innumerable columns roll ;  
As if the angelic tribes their concord broke,  
And the fierce war that scathes our land had spread  
Above, and the very skies with ire were red ! ”

## 4.

Even as she spoke, there shone  
High in the topmost zenith a central spark,  
A luminous cloud that glow'd against the dark ;  
Its halo, widening toward either zone,  
Took on the semblance of a mystic hand  
Stretch'd from an unknown height : and lo ! a band  
Of scintillant jewels twined around the wrist,  
Sapphire and ruby, opal, amethyst,  
Turquoise, and diamond, link'd with flashing joints.  
Its wide puissant reach began to clasp,  
In countless folds, the interclashing points  
Of outshot light, gathering their angry hues —  
North, south, east, west — with noiseless grasp,  
By some divine, resistless law,  
Till everywhere the wondering watchers saw  
A thousand colors blend and interfuse,  
In aureate wave on wave ascending higher,  
Immeasurable, white, a spotless fire :  
And, glory circling glory there, behold  
Gleams of the heavenly city wall'd with gold !

## 5.

“ Daughter,” the man replied, (his face was bright  
With the effulgent reflex of that light,)“ The time shall come, by merciful Heaven will’d,  
When these celestial omens shall be fulfill’d,  
Our strife be closed and the nation purged of sin,  
And a pure and holier union shall begin ;  
And a jarring race be drawn, throughout the land,  
Into new brotherhood by some strong hand ;  
And the baneful glow and splendor of war shall fade  
In the whiter light of love, that, from sea to sea,  
Shall soften the rage of hosts in arms array’d,  
And melt into share and shaft each battle-blade,  
And brighten the hopes of a people great and free.  
But in the story told of a nation’s woes,  
Of the sacrifices made for a century’s fault,  
The fames of fallen heroes shall ever shine,  
Serene, and high, and crystalline as those  
Fair stars, which reappear in yonder vault ;  
In the country’s heart their written names shall be,  
Like that of a single one in mine and thine.





II.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.







## ALECTRYÔN.

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GR<sup>E</sup>AT AR<sup>E</sup>S, whose tempestuous godhood found  
Delight in those thick-tangled solitudes  
Of Hebrus, water'd tracts of rugged Thrace —  
Great Arê<sup>s</sup>, scouring the Odrysian wilds,  
There met Alectryô<sup>n</sup>, a Thracian boy,  
Stalwart beyond his years, and swift of foot  
To hunt from morn till eve the white-tooth'd boar.  
“What hero,” said the war-God, “join'd his blood  
With that of Hæmian nymph, to make thy form  
So fair, thy soul so daring, and thy thews  
So lusty for the contest on the plains  
Wherein the fleet Odrysæ tame their steeds ?”

From that time forth the twain together chased  
The boar, or made their coursers cleave the breadth  
Of yellow Hebrus, and, thro' vales beyond,

Drove the hot leopard foaming to his lair.  
And day by day Alectryōn dearer grew  
To the God's restless spirit, till from Thrace  
He bore him, even to Olympos ; there  
Before him set immortal food and wine,  
That fairer youth and lustier strength might serve  
His henchman ; bade him bear his arms, and cleanse  
The crimson'd burnish of his brazen car :  
So dwelt the Thracian youth among the Gods.

There came a day when Arēs left at rest  
His spear, and smooth'd his harmful, unhelm'd brow,  
Calling Alectryōn to his side, and said :  
“ The shadow of Olympos longer falls  
Thro' misty valleys of the lower world ;  
The Earth shall be at peace a summer's night ;  
Men shall have calm, and the unconquer'd host  
Peopling the walls of Troas, and the tribes  
Of Greece, shall sleep sweet sleep upon their arms ;  
For Aphroditē, queen of light and love,  
Awaits me, blooming in the House of Fire,  
Girt with the cestus, infinite in grace,  
Dearer than battle and the joy of war :  
She, for whose charms I would renounce the sword

Forever, even godhood, would she wreath  
My brows with myrtle, dwelling far from Heaven.  
Héphæstos, the lame cuckold, unto whose  
Misshapen squalor Zeus hath given my queen,  
To-night seeks Lemnos, and his sooty vault  
Roof'd by the roaring surge ; wherein, betimes,  
He and his Cyclops pound the ringing iron,  
Forging great bolts for Zeus, and welding mail,  
White-hot, in shapes for Heroes and the Gods.  
Do thou, *Alectryon*, faithful to my trust,  
Hie with me to the mystic House of Fire.  
Therein, with wine and fruitage of her isle,  
Sweet odors, and all rarest sights and sounds,  
My Paphian mistress shall regale us twain.  
But when the feast is over, and thou see'st  
Arès and Aphrodité pass beyond  
The portals of that chamber, whence all winds  
Of love flow ever toward the four fold Earth,  
Watch by the entrance, sleepless, while we sleep ;  
And warn us ere the glimpses of the Dawn ;  
Lest Hélios, the spy, may peer within  
Our windows, and to Lemnos speed apace,  
In envy clamoring to the hobbling smith,  
Héphæstos, of the wrong I do his bed."

Thus Arès ; and the Thracian boy, well-pleased,  
Swore to be faithful to his trust, and liege  
To her, the perfect queen of light and love.  
So saying, they reach'd the fiery, brazen gates,  
Encolumn'd high by Heaven's artisan,  
Hêphæstos, rough, begrim'd, and halt of foot —  
Yet unto whom was Aphroditē given  
By Zeus, because from his misshapen hands  
All shapely things found being ; but the gift  
Brought him no joyance, nor made pure his fame,  
Like those devices which he wrought himself,  
Grim, patient, unbeloved.

There pass'd they in  
At portals of the high, celestial House,  
And on beyond the starry-golden court,  
Thro' amorous hidden ways, and winding paths  
Set round with splendors, to the spangled hall  
Of secret audience for noble guests.  
Here Charis labor'd, so Hêphæstos bade,  
Moulding the room's adornments ; here she built  
Low couches, framed in ivory, overlain  
With skins of pard and panther, and the fleece  
Of sheep which graze the low Hesperian isles ;

And in the midst a cedarn table spread,  
Whereon the loves of all the elder Gods  
Were wrought in gold and silver ; and the light  
Of quenchless rubies sparkled over all.  
Thus far came Arê's and Alectryôn,  
First leaving shield and falchion at the door,  
That nought of violence should haunt that air  
Serene, but laughter-loving peace, and joys  
The meed of Gods, once given men to know.

Then, from her dais in the utmost hall,  
Shone toward them Aphroditê, not by firm  
Imperial footfalls, but in measureless  
Procession, even as, wafted by her doves,  
She kiss'd the faces of the yearning waves  
From Cyprus to the high Thessalian mount,  
Claiming her throne in Heaven ; so light she stept,  
Untended by her Graces ; only he,  
Erôs, th' eternal child, with welcomings  
Sprang forward to Arê's, like a beam of light  
Flash'd from a coming brightness, ere it comes ;  
And the ambrosial mother to his glee  
Join'd her own joy, coy as she glided near  
Arê's, till Arê's closed her in his arms,

An instant, with the perfect love of Gods.  
And the wide chamber gleam'd with their delight,  
And infinite tinkling laughters rippled through  
Far halls, wherefrom no boding echoes came.

But when the passion of their meeting fell  
To dalliance, the mighty lovers, sunk  
Within those ivory couches golden-fleeced,  
Made wassail at the wondrous board, and held  
Sweet stolen converse till the middle night.  
And soulless servitors came gliding in,  
Handmaidens, wrought of gold, the marvellous work  
Of lame Héphæstos ; having neither will,  
Nor voice, yet bearing, on their golden trays,  
Lush fruits and Cyprian wine and, intermixt,  
Olympian food and nectar, earth with heaven.  
These Erôs and Alectryôn took therefrom,  
And placed before the lovers ; and, meanwhile,  
Melodious breathings from unfinger'd lutes,  
Warblings from unseen nightingales, and songs  
From lips uncrimson'd, scatter'd music round.  
So fled the light-shod moments, hour by hour,  
While the grim husband clang'd upon his forge  
In lurid caverns of the distant isle,

Unboding, and unheeded in his home,  
Save with a scornful jest. Till now the crown  
Of Artemis shone at her topmost height :  
Then rose the impassion'd lovers, with rapt eyes  
Fix'd each on each, and pass'd beyond the hall,  
Thro' curtains of that chamber whence all winds  
Of love flow ever toward the fourfold Earth ;  
At whose dim vestibule Alectryôn  
Disposed him, mindful of his master's word ;  
But Erôs, heavy-eyed, long since had slept,  
Deep-muffled in the softness of his plumes.  
And all was silence in the House of Fire.

Only Alectryôn, thro' brazen bars,  
Watch'd the blue East for Eôs, she whose torch  
Should warn him of the coming of the Sun.  
Even thus he kept his vigils : but, ere half  
Her silvery downward path the Huntress knew,  
His senses by that rich immortal food  
Grew numb'd with languor. Then the shadowy hall's  
Deep columns glimmer'd, interblent with dreams —  
Thick forests, running waters, darkling caves  
Of Thrace ; and half in thought he grasp'd the bow ;  
Hunted once more within his native wilds,

Cheering the hounds ; until before his eyes  
The drapery of all nearer pictures fell,  
And his limbs droop'd. Whereat the imp of Sleep,  
Hypnos, who hid him at the outer gate,  
Slid in with silken-sandall'd feet, and laid  
A subtle finger on his lids. And so,  
Crouch'd at the warder-post, Alectryôn slept.

Meanwhile the God and Goddess, recking naught  
Of evil, trusting to the faithful boy,  
Sank satiate in the calm of tranced rest.  
And past the sleeping warder, deep within  
The portals of that chamber whence all winds  
Of love flow ever toward the fourfold Earth,  
Hypnos kept on, walking, yet half afloat  
In the sweet air ; and, fluttering with cool wings  
Above their couch, fann'd the reposeful pair  
To slumber. Thus, a careless twilight hour,  
Unknowing Eôs and her torch, they slept.

Ill-fated rest ! Awake, ye fleet-wing'd Loves,  
Your mistress ! Eôs, rouse the sleeping God,  
And warn him of the coming of the Day !  
Alectryôn, wake ! In vain : Eôs swept by,

Radiant, a blushing finger on her lips.  
In vain ! Close on her flight, from furthest East,  
The peering Hélios drove his lambent car,  
Casting the tell-tale beams on earth and sky,  
Until Olympos laugh'd within his light ;  
And all the House of Fire grew roof'd with gold ;  
And thro' its brazen windows Hélios gazed  
Upon the sleeping lovers : thence away  
To Lemnos flash'd, across the rearward sea,  
A messenger, from whom the vengeful smith,  
Héphaestos, learn'd the story of his wrongs ;  
Whence afterward rude scandal spread thro' Heaven.

But they, the lovers, startled from sweet sleep  
By garish Day, stood timorous and mute,  
Even as a regal pair, the hart and hind,  
When first the keynote of the clarion horn  
Pierces their covert, and the deep-mouth'd hound  
Bays, following on the trail ; then, with small pause  
For amorous partings, sped in diverse ways.  
She, Aphroditê, clothed in pearly cloud,  
Dropt from Olympos to the eastern shore ;  
Thence floated, half in shame, half laughter-pleased,  
Southward across the blue Ægæan sea,

That had a thousand little dimpling smiles  
At her discomfort, and a thousand eyes  
To shoot irreverent glances. But her conch  
Pass'd the Eubœan coasts, and softly on  
By rugged Délos, and the gentler slope  
Of Naxos, to Icarian waves serene ;  
Thence sail'd betwixt fair Rhodos, on the left,  
And windy Carpathos, until it touch'd  
Cyprus ; and soon the conscious Goddess found  
Her bower in the hollow of the isle ;  
And wondering nymphs in their white arms received  
Their white-arm'd mistress, bathing her fair limbs  
In fragrant dews, twining her lucent hair  
With roses, and with kisses soothing her ;  
Till, glowing in fresh loveliness, she sank  
To stillness, tended in the sacred isle,  
And hid herself awhile from all her peers.

But angry Arès faced the treacherous Morn,  
Spurning the palace tower ; nor look'd behind,  
Disdainful of himself and secret joys  
That stript him to the laughter of the Gods.  
Toward the east he made, and overhung  
The broad Thermaic gulf ; then, shunning well

The crags of Lemnos, by Mount Athôs stay'd  
A moment, mute ; thence hurtled sheer away,  
Across the murmuring Northern sea, whose waves  
Are swell'n in billows ruffled with the cuffis  
Of endless winds ; so reach'd the shores of Thrace,  
And spleen pursued him in the tangled wilds.

Hither at eventide remorseful came  
*Alectryon* ; but the indignant God,  
With harsh revilings, changed him to the Cock,  
That evermore, remembering his fault,  
Heralds with warning voice the coming Day.

## THE TEST.

---

SEVEN women loved him. When the wrinkled  
pall

Enwapt him from their unfulfill'd desire,  
(Death, pale triumphant rival, conquering all,)

They came, for that last look, around his pyre.

One strew'd white roses, on whose leaves were  
hung

Her tears, like dew; and in discreet attire

Warbled her tuneful sorrow. Next among

The group, a fair-hair'd virgin moved serenely,  
Whose saintly heart no vain repinings wrung,

Reach'd the calm dust, and there, composed and  
queenly,

Gazed, but the missal trembled in her hand :  
“That's with the past,” she said, “nor may I meanly

Give way to tears !” and pass'd into the land.

The third hung feebly on the portals, moaning,  
With whiten'd lips — and feet that stood in sand,

So weak they seem'd — and all her passion owning.

The fourth, a ripe, luxurious maiden, came,  
Half for such homage to the dead atoning

By smiles on one who fann'd a later flame

In her slight soul, her fickle steps attended.  
The fifth and sixth were sisters : at the same

Wild moment, both above the image bended,

And with immortal hatred each on each  
Glared, and therewith her exultation blended,

To know the dead had 'scaped the other's reach !

Meanwhile, thro' all the words of anguish spoken,  
One lowly form had given no sound of speech,

Thro' all the signs of woe, no sign nor token ;  
But when they came to bear him to his rest,  
They found her beauty paled — her heart was broken :  
  
And in the Silent Land his shade confest  
That she, of all the seven, loved him best.

## THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

---

ONCE more on the fallow hill-side, as of old, I lie at rest

For an hour, while the sunshine trembles thro' the walnut-tree to the west —

Shakes on the rocks and fragrant ferns, and the berry-bushes around ;

And I watch, as of old, the cattle graze in the lower pasture-ground.

Of the Saxon months of blossom, when the merle and mavis sing,

And a dust of gold falls everywhere from the soft mid-summer's wing,

I only know from my poets, or from pictures that hither come,

Sweet with the smile of the hawthorn-hedge and the scent of the harvest-home.

But July in our own New England — I bask myself in  
its prime,

As one in the light of a face he loves, and has not seen  
for a time !

Again the perfect blue of the sky ; the fresh green  
woods ; the call

Of the crested jay ; the tangled vines that cover the  
frost-thrown wall :

Sounds and shadows remembered well ! the ground-  
bee's droning hum ;

The distant musical tree-tops ; the locust beating his  
drum ;

And the ripen'd July warmth, that seems akin to a fire  
which stole,

Long summers since, thro' the thews of youth, to soften  
and harden my soul.

Here it was that I loved her — as only a stripling can,  
Who doats on a girl that others know no mate for the  
future man ;

It was well, perhaps, that at last my pride and honor  
outgrew her art,

That there came an hour, when from broken chains I  
fled — with a broken heart.

'Twas well: but the fire would still flash up in sharp,  
heat-lightning gleams,  
And ever at night the false, fair face shone into pas-  
sionate dreams;  
The false, fair form, thro' many a year, was somewhere  
close at my side,  
And crept, as by right, to my very arms and the place  
of my patient bride.

Bride and vision have pass'd away, and I am again  
alone:  
Changed by years; not wiser, I think, but only differ-  
ent grown:  
Not so much nearer wisdom is a man than a boy, forsooth,  
Though, in scorn of what has come and gone, he hates  
the ways of his youth.

In seven years, I have heard it said, a soul shall change  
its frame;  
Atom for atom, the man shall be the same, yet not the  
same;  
The last of the ancient ichor shall pass away from his  
veins,  
And a new-born light shall fill the eyes whose earlier  
lustre wanes.

In seven years, it is written, a man shall shift his mood ;  
Good shall seem what was evil, and evil the thing that was good ;  
Ye that welcome the coming and speed the parting guest,  
Tell me, O winds of summer ! am I not half-confest ?

For along the tide of this mellow month new fancies guide my helm,  
Another form has enter'd my heart as rightful queen of the realm ;  
From under their long black lashes new eyes — half-blue, half-gray —  
Pierce thro' my soul, to drive the ghost of the old love quite away.

Shadow of years ! at last it sinks in the sepulchre of the past :  
A gentle image and fair to see, but was my passion so vast ?  
“ For you,” I said, “ be you false or true, are ever life of my life ! ”  
Was it myself or another who spoke, and ask'd her to be his wife ?

For here, on the dear old hill-side, I lie at rest again,  
And think with a quiet self-content of all the passion  
and pain,  
Of the strong resolve and the after-strife — but the  
vistas round me seem  
So little changed, that I hardly know if the past is not  
dream.

Can I have sailed, for seven years, far out in the open  
world ;  
Have tack'd and drifted here and there, by eddying  
currents whirl'd ;  
Have gain'd and lost, and found again ; and now, for a  
respite, come  
Once more to the happy scenes of old, and the haven I  
voyaged from ?

Blended infinite murmurs of True Love's earliest song,  
Where are you slumbering out of the heart that gave  
you echoes so long ?  
But chords that have ceased to vibrate the swell of an  
ancient strain,  
May thrill with a soulful music when rightly touch'd  
again.

Rock and forest and meadow: landscape perfect and  
true!

O, if ourselves were tender and all unchangeful as you,  
I should not now be dreaming of seven years that have  
been,

Nor bidding old love good-by forever, and letting the  
new love in!

## ESTELLE.

“How came he mad ?” — HAMLET.

---

OF all the beautiful demons, who fasten on human hearts,  
To fetter the bodies and souls of men with exquisite,  
mocking arts,  
The cruellest, and subtlest, and fairest to mortal sight,  
Is surely a woman called Estelle, who tortures me day  
and night.

The first time that I saw her, she pass'd with sweet lips  
mute,  
As if in scorn of the vacant praise of those who kept  
her suit ;  
A hundred lustres flash'd and shone as she rustled thro'  
the crowd,  
And a passion seized me for her there — so passionless  
and proud.

The second time that I saw her, she met me face to face :  
Her bending beauty answer'd my bow in a tremulous  
moment's space ;  
With an upward glance that instantly fell she read me  
through and through,  
And found in me something worth her while to idle  
with and subdue ;

Something, I know not what : perhaps the spirit of  
eager youth,  
That named her a queen of queens at once, and loved  
her in very truth ;  
That threw its pearl of pearls at her feet, and offer'd  
her, in a breath,  
The costliest gift a man can give from his cradle to his  
death.

The third time that I saw her — this woman called  
Estelle —  
She pass'd her milk-white arm thro' mine and dazzled  
me with her spell ;  
A blissful fever thrill'd my veins, and there, in the  
moonbeams white,  
I yielded my soul to the fierce control of that madden-  
ing delight !

And at many a trysting afterwards she wove my heart-  
strings round  
Her delicate fingers, twisting them, and chanting low  
as she wound ;  
The rune she sang rang sweet and clear like the chime  
of a witch's bell :  
Its echo haunts me even now, with the word Estelle —  
Estelle !

Ah, then, as a dozen before me had, I lay at last at her  
feet,  
And she turn'd me off with a calm surprise when her  
triumph was all complete :  
It made me wild, the stroke which smiled so pitiless  
out of her eyes,  
Like lightning fall'n, in clear noonday, from cloudless  
and bluest skies !

The whirlwind follow'd upon my brain and beat my  
thoughts to rack :  
Who knows the many a month I lay ere memory floated  
back ?  
Even now, I tell you, I wonder whether this woman,  
called Estelle,

Is flesh and blood, or a beautiful lie, sent up from the  
depths of hell.

For at night she stands where the pallid moon streams  
into this grated cell,

And only gives me that mocking glance when I speak  
her name — *Estelle*!

With the old resistless longing often I strive to clasp  
her there,

But she vanishes from my open arms and hides I know  
not where.

And I hold that if she were human she could not fly  
like the wind,

But her heart would flutter against my own, in spite  
of her scornful mind:

Yet, oh! she is not a phantom, since devils are not so  
bad,

As to haunt and torture a man, long after their tricks  
have made him mad!

## EDGED TOOLS.

---

WELL, Helen, quite two years have flown  
Since that enchanted, dreamy night,  
When you and I were left alone,  
And wonder'd whether those were right  
Who said that each the other loved ;  
And thus debating, yes and no,  
And half in earnest, as it proved,  
We bargain'd to pretend 'twere so.

Two skeptic children of the world,  
Each with a heart engraven o'er  
With broken love-knots, quaintly curl'd,  
Of hot flirtations held before ;  
Yet, somehow, either seem'd to find,  
This time, a something more akin  
To that young natural love — the kind  
Which comes but once, and breaks us in.

What sweetly stolen hours we knew,  
And frolics perilous as gay !  
Tho' lit in sport, Love's taper grew  
More bright and burning day by day.  
We knew each heart was only lent,  
The other's ancient scars to heal :  
The very thought a pathos blent  
With all the mirth we tried to feel.

How bravely, when the time to part  
Came with the wanton season's close,  
Tho' nature with our mutual art  
Had mingled more than either chose,  
We smother'd Love, upon the verge  
Of folly, in one last embrace,  
And buried him without a dirge,  
And turn'd, and left his resting-place.

Yet often, (tell me what it means,)  
His spirit steals upon me here,  
Far, far away from all the scenes  
His little lifetime held so dear ;  
He comes : I hear a mystic strain  
In which some tender memory lies ;

I dally with your hair again ;  
I catch the gleam of violet eyes.

Ah, Helen ! how have matters been  
Since those rude obsequies, with you ?  
Say, is my partner in the sin  
A sharer of the penance too ?  
Again the vision 's at my side :  
I drop my head upon my breast,  
And wonder if he really died,  
And why his spirit will not rest.

## THE SWALLOW.

---

HAD I, my love declared, the tireless wing  
That wafts the swallow to her northern skies,  
I would not, sheer within the rich surprise  
Of full-blown Summer, like the swallow, fling  
My coyer being ; but would follow Spring,  
Melodious consort, as she daily flies,  
Apace with suns, that o'er new woodlands rise  
Each morn — with rains her gentler stages bring.  
My pinions should beat music with her own ;  
Her smiles and odors should delight me ever,  
Gliding, with measured progress, from the zone  
Where golden seas receive the mighty river,  
Unto yon lichen'd cliffs, whose ridges sever  
Our Norseland from the arctic surge's moan.

## REFUGE IN NATURE.

---

WHEN the rude world's relentless war has press'd  
    Fiercely upon them, and the hot campaign  
Closes with battles lost, some yield their lives,  
Or linger in the ruins of the fight —  
Unwise, and comprehending not their fate,  
Nor gathering that affluent recompense  
Which the all-pitying Earth has yet in store.  
Surely such men have never known the love  
Of Nature ; nor had recourse to her fount  
Of calm delights, whose influences heal  
The wounded spirits of her vanquish'd sons ;  
Nor ever — in those fruitful earlier days,  
Wherein her manifest forms do most enrich  
Our senses void of subtler cognizance —  
Wander'd in summer fields, climb'd the free hills,  
Pursued the murmuring music of her streams,  
And found the borders of her sounding sea.

But thou — when, in the multitudinous lists  
Of traffic, all thine own is forfeited  
At some wild hazard, or by weakening drains  
Pour'd from thee ; or when, striving for the meed  
Of place, thou failest, and the lesser man  
By each ignoble method wins thy due ;  
When the injustice of the social world  
Environs thee ; when ruthless public scorn,  
Black slander, and the meannesses of friends,  
Have made the bustling practice of the world  
To thee a discord and a mockery ;  
Or even if that last extremest pang  
Be thine, and, added to such other woes,  
The loss of that forever faithful love  
Which else had balanced all : the putting out,  
Untimely, of the light in dearest eyes ; —  
At such a time thou well may'st count the days  
Evil, and for a season quit the field ;  
Yet not surrendering all human hopes,  
Nor the rich physical life which still remains  
God's boon and thy sustainer. It were base  
To join alliance with the hosts of Fate  
Against thyself: crowning their victory  
By loose despair, or seeking rest in death.

More wise, betake thee to those sylvan haunts  
Thou knewest when young, and, once again a child,  
Let their perennial loveliness renew  
Thy natural faith and childhood's heart serene.  
Forgetting all the toilsome pilgrimage,  
Awake from strife and shame, as from a dream  
Dream'd by a boy, when under waving trees  
He sleeps and dreams a languid afternoon.  
Once more from these harmonious beauties gain  
Repose and ransom, and a power to feel  
The immortal gladness of inanimate things.

There is the mighty Mother, ever young  
And garlanded, and welcoming her sons.  
There are her thousand charms to soothe thy pain,  
And merge thy little, individual woe  
In the broad health and happy fruitfulness  
Of all that smiles around thee. For thy sake  
The woven arches of her forests breathe  
Perpetual anthems, and the blue skies smile  
Between, to heal thee with their infinite hope.  
There are her crystal waters ; lave thy brows,  
Hot with long turmoil, in their purity :  
Wash off the battle-dust from those poor limbs

Blood-stain'd and weary. Holy sleep shall come  
Upon thee ; waking, thou shalt find in bloom  
The lilies, fresh as in the olden days ;  
And once again, when Night unveils her stars,  
Thou shalt have sight of their high radiance,  
And feel the old, mysterious awe subdue  
The phantoms of thy pain.

And from that height  
A voice shall whisper of the faith, thro' which  
A man may act his part until the end.  
Anon thy ancient yearning for the fight  
May come once more, temper'd by poise of chance,  
And guided well with all experience.  
Invisible hands may gird thy armor on,  
And Nature put new weapons in thy hands,  
Sending thee out to try the world again —  
Perchance to conquer, being cased in mail  
Of double memories : knowing smaller griefs  
Can add no sorrow to the woful past ;  
And that, howbeit thou mayest stand or fall,  
Earth proffers men her refuge everywhere,  
And Heaven's promise is for aye the same.

## MONTAGU.

---

QUEEN Katherine of Arragon  
In gray Kimbolton dwelt,  
A joyous bride, ere bluff King Hal  
To Anne's beauty knelt.

Still in her haughty Spanish eyes  
Their childhood's lustre shone,  
That lit with love two royal hearts,  
And won the English throne.

From gray Kimbolton's castle-gate  
She rode, each summer's day,  
And blithely led the greenwood chase  
With hawk and hound away.

And ever handsome Montagu,  
Her Master of the Horse,  
To guard his mistress kept her pace  
O'er heather, turf, and gorse.

O, who so brave as Montagu  
To leap the hedges clear !  
And who so fleet as he to find  
The coverts of the deer !

And who so wild as Montagu,  
To seek his sovereign's love !  
More hopeless than a child, who craves  
The brightest star above.

Day after day her presence fed  
The fever at his heart ;  
Yet loyally the young knight scorn'd  
To play a traitor's part.

Only, when at her palfrey's side  
He bow'd him by command,  
Light'ning her footfall to the earth,  
He press'd her dainty hand ;

A tender touch, as light as love,  
Soft as his heart's desire ;  
But aye, in Katherine's artless blood,  
It woke no answering fire.

King Hal to gray Kimbolton came  
Ere long, and true love's sign,  
Unused in colder Arragon,  
She pray'd him to divine :

“ Canst tell me, Sire,” she said; “ what mean  
The gentry of your land,  
When softly, thus, and thus, they take  
And press a lady's hand ? ”

“ Ha ! ha ! ” laugh'd Hal, “ but tell me, Chick,  
Each answering in course,  
Do any press your hand ? ” “ O, yes,  
My Master of the Horse.”

Off to the wars her gallant went,  
And push'd the foremost dykes,  
And gash'd his fair young form against  
A score of Flemish pikes.

Heart's blood ebb'd fast ; but Montagu,  
Dipping a finger, wove  
These red words in his shield : " Dear Queen,  
I perish of your love ! "

Kimbolton, after many a year,  
Again met Katherine's view ;  
The banish'd wife, with half a sigh,  
Remember'd Montagu.

## WILD WINDS WHISTLE.

---

### 1.

SIR ULRIC a Southern dame has wed;  
*Wild winds whistle and snow is come;*  
He has brought her home to his bower and bed.  
*Hither and thither the birds fly home.*

Her hair is darker than thick of night;  
*Wild winds whistle, &c.*  
Her hands are fair, and her step is light.  
*Hither and thither, &c.*

From out his castel in the North,  
Sir Ulric to hunt rode lightly forth.

Three things he left her for good or ill —  
A bonny bird that should sing at will,

With carol sweeter than silver bell,  
Day and night in the old castel ;

A lithe little page to gather flowers ;  
And a crystal dial to mark the hours.

## 2.

Lady Margaret watch'd Sir Ulric speed  
Away to the chase on his faithful steed.

From morning till night, the first day long,  
She sat and listen'd the bonny bird's song.

The second day long, with fingers fair,  
She curl'd and comb'd her page's hair.

The third day's sun rose up on high ;  
By the dial she was seated nigh :

She loathed the bird and the page's face,  
And counted the shadow's creeping pace.

## 3.

The strange knight drew his bridle-rein ;  
He look'd at the sky and he look'd at the plain.

“ O lady ! ” he said — “ ‘twas a sin and shame  
To leave for the chase so fair a dame.”

“ O lady ! ” he said — “ we two will flee  
To the blithesome land of Italie ;

“ There the orange grows, and the fruitful vine,  
And a bower of myrtle shall be thine.”

He has taken her hand and kiss’d her mouth :  
Now Ho ! sing Ho ! for the sunny South.

He has kiss’d her mouth and clasp’d her waist :  
Now, good gray steed, make haste : make haste !

4.

Sir Ulric back from the chase has come,  
And sounds the horn at his castel-home.

Or ever he drew his bridle rein,  
He saw the dial split in twain ;

The bonny blithe bird was stark and dead,  
And the lithe little page hung down his head.

The lithe little page hung down his head ;  
*Wild winds whistle and snow is come ;*  
“ O where, Sir Page, has my lady fled ? ”  
*Hither and thither the birds fly home.*

## PETER STUYVESANT'S NEW YEAR'S CALL.

1 JAN. A. C. 1661.

---

WHERE nowadays the Battery lies,  
New York had just begun,  
A new-born babe, to rub its eyes,  
In Sixteen Sixty-One.  
They christen'd it Nieuw Amsterdam,  
Those burghers grave and stately,  
And so, with schnapps and smoke and psalm,  
Lived out their lives sedately.

Two windmills topp'd their wooden wall,  
On Stadthuys gazing down,  
On fort, and cabbage-plots, and all  
The quaintly-gabled town ;  
These flapp'd their wings and shifted backs,  
As ancient scrolls determine,

To scare the savage Hackensacks,  
Paumanks, and other vermin.

At night the loyal settlers lay  
Betwixt their feather-beds ;  
In hose and breeches walk'd by day,  
And smoked, and wagg'd their heads ;  
No changeful fashions came from France,  
The vrouweleins to bewilder ;  
No broad-brimm'd burgher spent for pants  
His every other guilder.

In petticoats of linsey-red,  
And jackets neatly kept,  
The vrouws their knitting-needles sped  
And deftly spun and swept ;  
Few modern-school flirtations there .  
Set wheels of scandal trundling,  
But youths and maidens did their share  
Of staid, old-fashion'd bundling.

— The New Year opened clear and cold :  
The snow, a Flemish ell

In depth, lay over Beeckman's Wold  
And Wolfert's frozen well;  
Each burgher shook his kitchen-doors,  
Drew on his Holland leather,  
Then stamp'd thro' drifts to do the chores,  
Beshrewing all such weather.

But — after herring, ham, and kraut —  
To all the gather'd town  
The Dominie preach'd the morning out,  
In Calvinistic gown;  
While tough old Peter Stuyvesant  
Sat pew'd in foremost station:  
The potent, sage, and valiant  
Third Governor of the nation.

Prayer over, at his mansion hall,  
With cake and courtly smile,  
He met the people, one and all,  
In gubernatorial style;  
Yet miss'd, though now the day was old,  
An ancient fellow-feaster:  
Heer Govert Loockermans, that bold  
Brewer and burgomeester;

Who, in his farm-house, close without  
The picket's eastern end,  
Sat growling at the twinge of gout  
That kept him from his friend.  
But Peter strapp'd his wooden peg,  
When tea and cake were ended,  
(Meanwhile the sound remaining leg  
Its high jack-boot defended,)

A woolsey cloak about him threw,  
And swore, by wind and limb,  
Since Govert kept from Peter's view,  
Peter would visit him ;  
Then sallied forth, thro' snow and blast,  
While many a humble greeter  
Stood wondering whereaway so fast  
Strode bluff Hardkoppig Pieter.

Past quay and cow-path, through a lane  
Of vats and mounded tans,  
He puff'd along, with might and main,  
To Govert Loockermans ;  
Once there, his right of entry took,  
And hail'd his ancient crony :

“Myn Gott ! in dese Manhattoes, Loock,  
Ve gets more snow as money !”

To which, till after whiffs profound,  
The other answer'd not ;  
At last there came responsive sound :  
“ Yah, Peter : yah, Myn Gott ! ”  
Then goedevrouw Marie sat her guest  
Beneath the chimney-gable,  
And courtesied, bustling at her best  
To spread the New Year's table.

She brought the pure and genial schnapps,  
That years before had come —  
In the “ Nieuw Nederlandts,” perhaps —  
To cheer the settlers' home ;  
The long-stemm'd pipes ; the fragrant roll  
Of press'd and crispy Spanish ;  
Then placed the earthen mugs and bowl,  
Nor long delay'd to vanish.

Thereat, with cheery nod and wink,  
And honors of the day,

The trader mix'd the Governor's drink  
As evening sped away.  
That ancient room ! I see it now :  
The carven nutwood dresser ;  
The drawers, that many a burgher's vrouw  
Begrudged their rich possessor ;

The brace of high-back'd, leathern chairs,  
Brass-nail'd at every seam ;  
Six others, ranged in equal pairs ;  
The bacon hung abeam ;  
The chimney-front, with porcelain shelft ;  
The hearty wooden fire ;  
The picture, on the steaming delft,  
Of David and Goliah.

I see the two old Dutchmen sit  
Like Magog and his mate,  
And hear them, when their pipes are lit,  
Discuss affairs of state :  
The clique that would their sway demean ;  
The pestilent importation  
Of wooden nutmegs, from the lean  
And losel Yankee nation.

But when the subtle juniper  
Assumed its sure command,  
They drank the buxom loves that were —  
They drank the Motherland ;  
They drank the famous Swedish wars,  
Stout Peter's special glory,  
While Govert proudly show'd the scars  
Of Indian contests gory.

Ere long, the berry's power awoke  
Some music in their brains,  
And, trumpet-like, through rolling smoke,  
Rang long-forgotten strains :  
Old Flemish snatches, full of blood,  
Of phantom ships and battle ;  
And Peter, with his leg of wood,  
Made floor and casement rattle.

Then round and round the dresser pranced,  
The chairs began to wheel,  
And on the board the punch-bowl danced  
A Netherlandish reel ;  
Till midnight o'er the farmhouse spread  
Her New-Year's skirts of sable,

And, inch by inch, each puzzled head  
Dropt down upon the table.

But still to Peter, as he dream'd,  
That table spread and turn'd ;  
The chimney-log blazed high, and seem'd  
To circle as it burn'd ;  
The town into the vision grew  
From ending to beginning ;  
Fort, wall, and windmill met his view,  
All widening and spinning.

The cowpaths, leading to the docks,  
Grew broader, whirling past,  
And checker'd into shining blocks  
A city fair and vast ;  
Stores, churches, mansions, overspread  
The metamorphosed island,  
While not a beaver show'd his head  
From Swamp to Kalchhook highland.

Eftsoons the picture pass'd away ;  
Hours after, Peter woke  
To see a spectral streak of day

Gleam in thro' fading smoke ;  
Still slept old Govert, snoring on  
In most melodious numbers ;  
No dreams of Eighteen Sixty-One  
Commingled with his slumbers.

But Peter, from the farmhouse-door,  
Gazed doubtfully around,  
Rejoiced to find himself once more  
On sure and solid ground.  
The sky was somewhat dark ahead :  
Wind East, and morning lowery ;  
But on he push'd, a two-miles' tread,  
To breakfast at his Bouwery.





### III.

## TRANSLATION.







## JEAN PROUVAIRE'S SONG AT THE BARRICADE.

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"While the men were making cartridges and the women lint; while a large frying-pan, full of melted pewter and lead, destined for the bullet-mould, was smoking over a burning furnace; while the videttes were watching the barricades with arms in their hands; while Enjolras, whom nothing could distract, was watching the videttes; Combeferre, Courfeyrac, Jean Prouvaire, Feuilly Bossuet, Joly, Bahorel, a few others besides, sought each other and got together, as in the most peaceful days of their student-chats, and in a corner of this wine-shop changed into a casemate, within two steps of the redoubt which they had thrown up, their carbines primed and loaded resting on the backs of their chairs, these gallant young men, so near their last hour, began to sing love-rhymes. . . . The hour, the place, these memories of youth recalled, the few stars which began to shine in the sky, the funereal repose of these deserted streets, the imminence of the inexorable event, gave a pathetic charm to these rhymes, murmured in a low tone in the twilight by Jean Prouvaire, who, as we have said, was a sweet poet." — *LES MISÉRABLES: Saint Denis*, Book XII. Chapter VI.

D<sup>O</sup> you remember our charming times,  
When we were both at the age which knows,  
Of all the pleasures of Paris, none  
Like making love in one's Sunday clo'es;

When all your birthdays, added to mine,  
A total of forty would not bring,  
And when, in our humble and cosy roost,  
All, even the Winter, to us was Spring ?

Rare days ! then prudish Manuel stalk'd,  
Paris feasted each saintsday in ;  
Foy thunder'd away, and — ah, your waist  
Prick'd me well with a truant pin !

Every one ogled you. At Prado's,  
Where you and your briefless barrister dined,  
You were so fair that the roses, I thought,  
Turn'd to look at you from behind.

They seem'd to whisper : " How handsome she is !  
What wavy tresses ! what sweet perfume !  
Under her mantle she hides her wings :  
Her flower of a bonnet is just in bloom ! "

I roam'd with you, pressing your dainty arm,  
And the passers thought that Love, in play,  
Had mated, in unison so sweet,  
The gallant April with gentle May.

We lived so cosily, all by ourselves,  
On love — that choice forbidden fruit,  
And never a word my lips could speak  
But your heart already had follow'd suit.

The Sarbonne was that bucolic place  
Where night till day my passion throve ;  
'Tis thus that an ardent youngster makes  
The Student's Quarter a Realm of Love.

O Place Maubert ! O Place Dauphine !  
Sky-parlor reaching heavenward far,  
In whose depths, when you drew your stocking on,  
I saw a twinkling morning-star.

Hard-learn'd Plato I've long forgot :  
Neither Malebranche, nor Lamennais,  
Could teach me such faith in Providence  
As the flower which in your bosom lay.

You were my servant and I your slave :  
O golden attic ! O joy, to lace  
Your corset ; to watch you showing, at morn,  
The ancient mirror your youthful face !

Ah ! who indeed could ever forget  
That sky and dawn commingling still ;  
That ribbony, flewery, gauzy glory,  
And Love's sweet nonsense talked at will ?

Our garden a pot of tulips was ;  
Your petticoat curtain'd the window-pane ;  
I took the earthen bowl of my pipe  
And gave you a cup of porcelain.

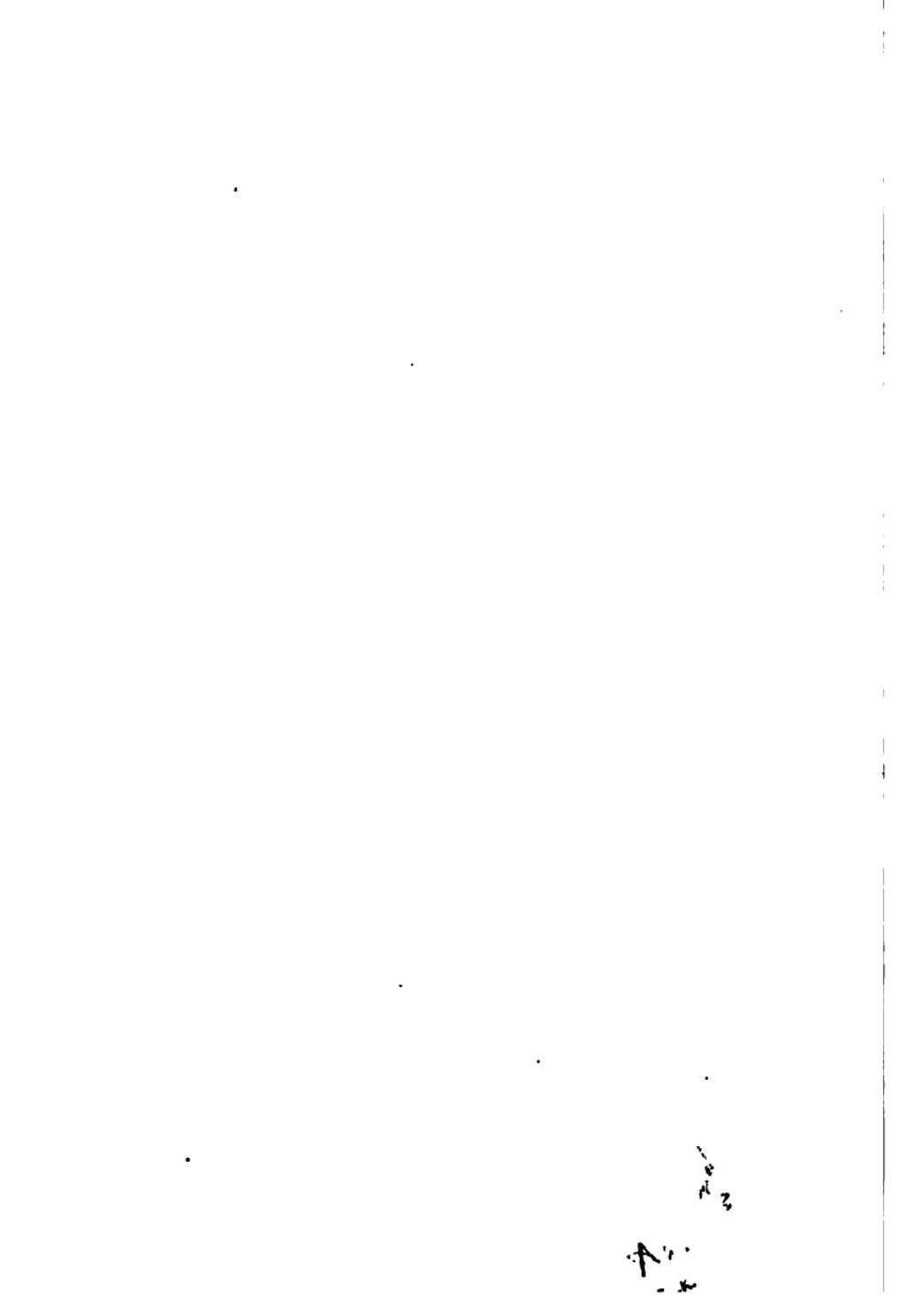
What huge disasters to make us fun !  
Your muff afire — your tippet lost :  
And that cherish'd portrait of Shakspeare, sold,  
One hungry evening, at half its cost.

I was a beggar and you were kind :  
A kiss from your fair round arms I'd steal,  
While the folio-Dante we gayly spread  
With a hundred chestnuts, our frugal meal.

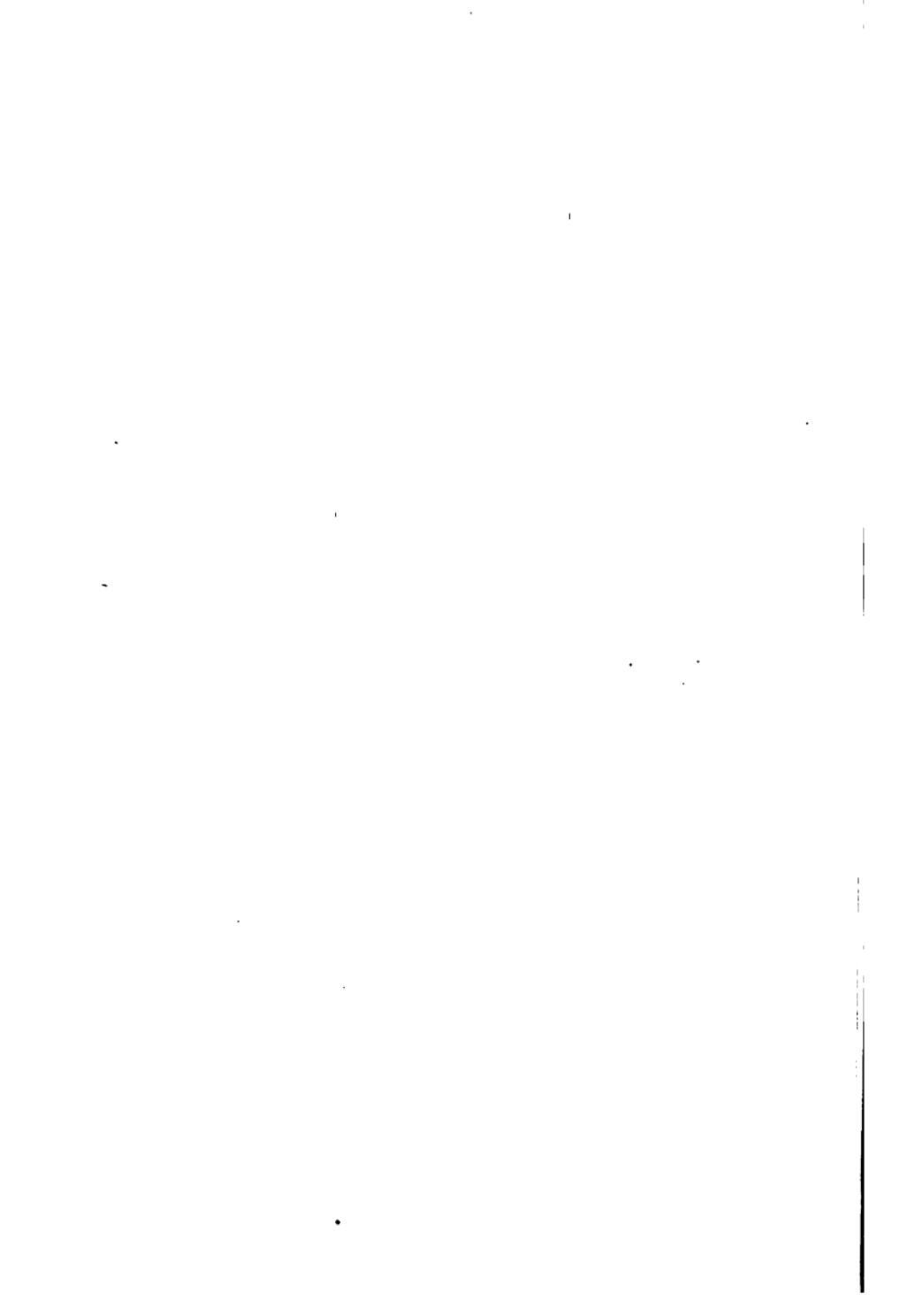
And oh ! when first my favor'd mouth  
A kiss to your burning lips had given,  
You were dishevell'd and all aglow ;  
I, pale with rapture, believed in Heaven.

Do you remember our countless joys,  
Those neckerchiefs rumpled every day?  
Alas, what sighs from our boding hearts  
The infinite skies have borne away!













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